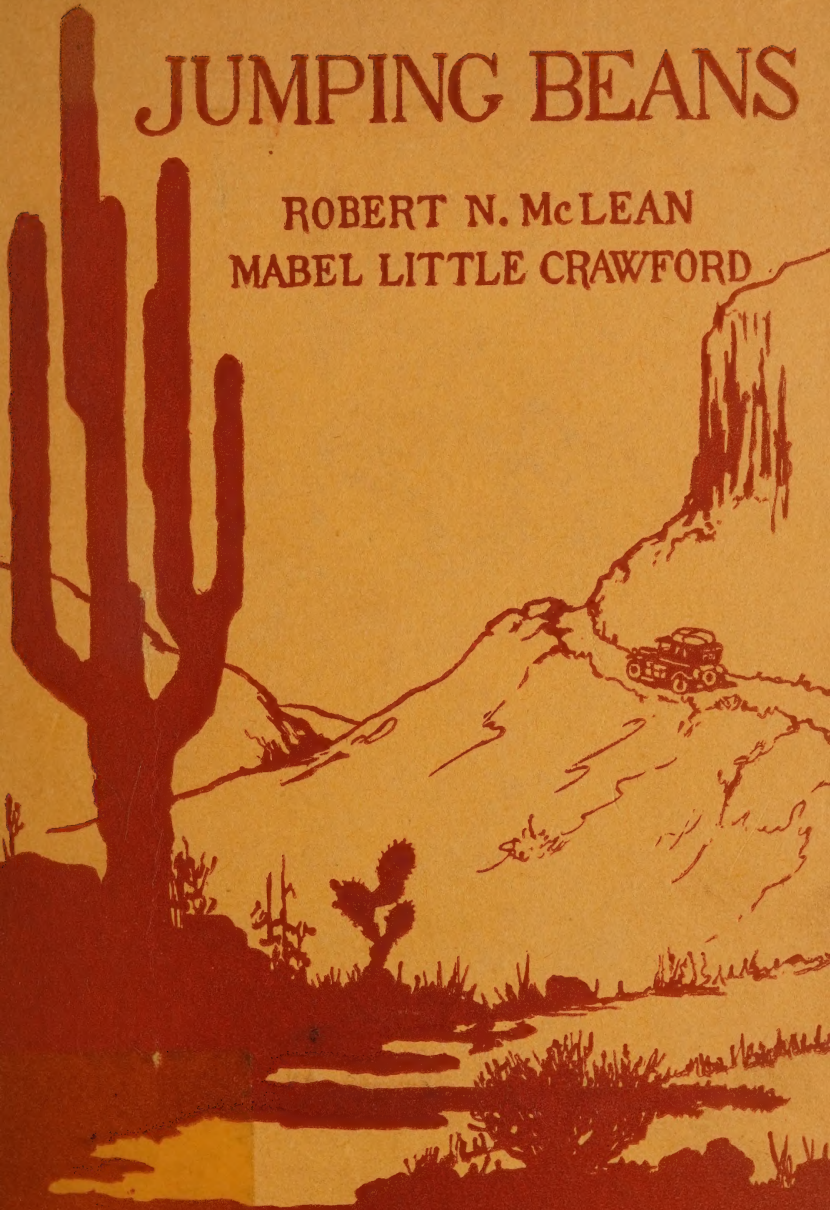
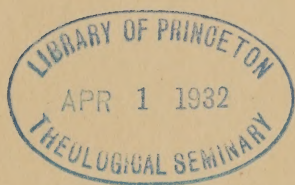


JUMPING BEANS

ROBERT N. McLEAN
MABEL LITTLE CRAWFORD





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Jumping beans

JUMPING BEANS

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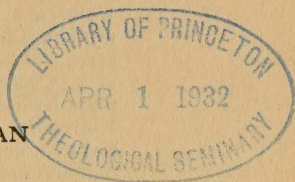
STORIES AND STUDIES
ABOUT MEXICANS IN THE UNITED STATES
FOR JUNIOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By

ROBERT N. McLEAN

and

MABEL LITTLE CRAWFORD



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CONTENTS

FOREWORD	vii
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Part I: STORIES

THE PIG	3
STORIES IN THE PLAZA	10
THE LETTER FROM COLORADO	17
CROSSING THE BORDER	24
WORKING IN THE BEETS	31
THE COLD WINTER IN DENVER	38
THE FAMILY ON WHEELS	44
MANUEL LEARNS A NEW LESSON	51
THE "GOD-WILL-PROVIDE" FUND	57
THE LITTLE GRINGO	61
CARMEN COMES HOME	68

Part II: THE COURSE

PLAN AND POINT OF VIEW	77
SESSIONS I-XII	89-131
SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL	132
GLOSSARY	142
BIBLIOGRAPHY	146

FOREWORD

Are these stories true? In his *Lives of the Saints of Ravenna* the bishop of that city describes the obstacles which he was compelled to surmount in writing his book. "In preparing this manuscript," says he, "I have sought painfully and carefully for the necessary material; but when, by the most diligent search, I have been unable to secure any information about the lives of these blessed saints, by the help of God I have made it up."

Should less liberty be granted in chronicling the journeys of the Sandovals? Some of the events recorded took place just as they are recited; some have been changed slightly; but all could have happened and have happened thousands of times over in the lives of Mexicans in the United States or at home in their native land. Mexicans are still herded from the border to the places where industry needs them most; they are still treated unjustly in our courts, just because they are Mexicans; even yet, in old automobiles, they follow the ripening crops from place to place until making homes becomes impossible, and the youth of the children is left behind. And in the great beet areas of the West, the laughter, the joy, the sweetness of little children are being distilled into sugar.

Here and now I humbly acknowledge my debt to the kindly members of several families near whom I vacationed in August, 1928. Without their criticism and counsel, given in bathing-suit conferences on the sand or by

the drift-fire in the evening, the doings of the Sandovals would have been prosaic indeed. I have been helped also by the franker criticism of my own boys of junior age, to whom there are no medium tablelands of achievement, and for whom every story is either "keen" or "all wet."

ROBERT N. MCLEAN

Los Angeles, California

Part I: STORIES
By
ROBERT N. McLEAN

THE PIG

MANUEL SANDOVAL and his father were gathering corn on a farm in Mexico. A burro, with two big baskets hanging from his back, walked down between the rows. On one side worked Manuel, while over in the next row was his father. As the burro walked slowly along, Manuel and his father picked the ears and tossed them into the baskets. And always they had to watch the burro to keep him from eating the corn before they could pick it.

"W-e-e-e-e-e! W-e-e-e-e-e-e!"

Manuel stood with an ear of corn in his hand, and listened.

"W-e-e-e-e-e-e! W-e-e! W-e-e-e-e-e!"

He threw the ear into the basket, and called to his father in the next row, "Papa, that's my pig!"

Without a word, Mr. Sandoval started running across the field, Manuel following after. The burro just flapped his big ears, brayed once, and began eating the corn.

The field was rough, and both Manuel and his father were barefoot. But neither had ever worn shoes, and their feet were very tough. Straight between the rows of corn they ran, toward a little Mexican village on the side of a hill. Soon they came to the end of the corn and into the field of *maquey*.

"There comes Carmen!" cried Manuel, as a little girl appeared around the corner of the last house in the village and started across the field.

Carmen was running just as hard as her father and brother, and when she met them in the middle of the *maguey* field she was so much out of breath that she could hardly talk. But her black eyes snapped, and she stamped her bare foot upon the ground.

"Everything they took for themselves!" she exclaimed. "The corn they took out of the granary, the chickens they took out of the yard, and Manuel's pig they took too. They tied his legs together with a little rope, they threw him over the back of a burro, and they rode away."

"Calm yourself, Carmen," said Mr. Sandoval. "Who carried away the chickens and the corn and the pigs?"

"Big men, with whiskers they had not shaved, and long hair, and ragged clothes, and big guns. They brought a string of burros, and they took something from every house in town. I cried when they took the corn and the chickens, but I fought them with my fists when they started to take Manuel's pig. I told them, Papacito, that you had given it to him so that he could sell it and go to school. But the man only laughed when I hit him, and held my hands. He said, 'That is the fattest pig we have found in the whole town, and we are going to roast him for the general's dinner.' Poor little Chini—he squealed so! And tonight they are going to kill him and eat him!" And Carmen threw herself into her father's arms, crying as only a broken-hearted little girl knows how to cry.

Although Manuel was a boy and too big to cry, when he thought of his pig and his chance to go to school, two big tears rolled out of his eyes and down his cheeks. But he brushed them away before Carmen or his father no-

ticed, and said, "While you two go on to the house, I will go back and get Zoso."

Indeed it was very well that somebody should get the burro, for he was certainly taking advantage of the opportunity which the excitement had given him. Very methodically he was going down the row of corn; but the corn, instead of being put into the big baskets on either side of him, was going into a space just as big between the baskets.

"Zoso, stop eating the corn!" shouted Manuel. Then, jumping up between the baskets, he slapped the burro on the shoulder and galloped away to the town.

No sooner had he come to the end of the main street than he saw that everything was in an uproar. The old men, who ordinarily sat all day in the shade of the adobe buildings, were pegging about on their rheumatic legs. The street, usually so dreamy and quiet at noon-time, was filled with excited people. The women had left their kitchens, the men the fields, and the children their play. As always, when there was a raid in this quiet part of Mexico, the sentiment of the crowd was divided. Some were regretting the loss of their pigs and chickens; others declared loudly that the government was bad, and that those who could not fight ought to be glad to help feed the soldiers who were trying to overthrow it.

As Manuel tried to force his burro through the crowd, someone called out, "Your pig is gone, Manuel! They took your pig! Now how will you get to school in the city?"

But Manuel's heart was too heavy to discuss his mis-

fortune with his friends. He wanted to get home. He wanted to see his mother.

Now Manuel never came riding in, shouting, "What are we going to have for dinner, mother?" as an American boy would do, because Manuel knew that there would always be beans and *tortillas*. In fact, as he rode today into the yard made of a fence of *ocotillo* or cactus plants, he did not even stop at the house but rode on to Chini's sty, as though to convince himself that the pig was really gone.

"He gives me so much pity," exclaimed his mother as she stood at the door of the kitchen, patting *tortillas* between her hands, and watching Manuel as he leaned over the fence and looked into the empty sty.

"Poor little Chini!" said Carmen. "So fat and so funny! Tonight the general will have him for his dinner, and Manuel cannot go to school."

But Mrs. Sandoval had not listened to Carmen; she had gone back to the charcoal burner, to finish making the *tortillas*. When she thought there were enough, she went to the door and called to Manuel, "Come, little son of my heart; we cannot get our pig or our chickens back, but we can eat our breakfast."

Carmen and her mother served Manuel and his father, while Elena, the younger sister, fanned the flies from the face of Carlos the baby, who was sleeping on a grass mat in the front room.

"Not so many beans," said Manuel, as his mother served him in the brown earthenware *casuela*. "It seems that I do not have desire to eat."

"Nonsense!" said his father. "There's no wind that does not blow for good. Eat your breakfast."

Thus encouraged, Manuel folded his *tortilla* into the shape of a spoon and dished up some of the beans. Then he bit off beans and *tortilla* together. There were no knives, no forks, and no spoons. It was very simple, and made dish-washing much easier for Carmen and her mother.

"Wish! Wish! Wish!" called Carmen, and a big black cat stretched himself in the sun outside the door and came in to eat his breakfast.

"There," said Carmen when the family and the cat had eaten, "that leaves five *tortillas* for Chini." And then her eyes filled with tears as she remembered that there was no fat little pig out in the sty to eat the scraps from the table.

"Papa," said Manuel suddenly, "if the government gives us no land and no schools, perhaps I ought to be glad to give my pig to help the men who are trying to give us a new government."

"Your memory is not as long as mine, little son," said his father. "There was once a time when I worked for twenty-five *centavos* a day, with a handful of beans and of corn at the night time. I was always in debt to the *patrón*, and we could not leave the hacienda until the debt was paid. Now I earn a *peso* a day, and we are paying our debts; we have a better home; we are happier."

Mrs. Sandoval looked with pride at the adobe house, with its thick walls, its hard dirt floor, and its roof of red, hand-made tile. There were but two rooms, a front room and a kitchen, but they were clean and dry.

"In those days," she said almost bitterly, "we lived almost as the burros and the pigs, and nobody cared."

"But the schools, Papacito!" said Carmen. "The government promised us schools. Manuel must go to school before he becomes a big man, and some day perhaps I could go to school too."

"Yes, my children," said the father. "We want you all to go to school; we want you to learn to read and write. Mexico, our fatherland, suffers because we, her people, have had no schools. Those bandits think they are patriots, but they do not understand. The government cannot build schools in a day. The last time I went with pottery to the city I talked with the people in the market. The government is building schools as fast as possible. But Mexico! She is a large land! Some day there will be a school in our town."

Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door. Carmen, being the nearest, hurried to open it. But she gave just one look and then ran screaming to her mother.

Framed in the door stood a man with a broad-brimmed hat in his hand. His face was unshaven, his clothes were ragged, his hair was long and uncombed.

"Good afternoon," he said, bowing.

Instantly Mr. Sandoval was upon his feet.

"Pass in, my friend," he said.

The spurs on the feet of the bandit clanked as he walked over the hard dirt floor. He smiled, and the black stubble on his chin contrasted strangely with two rows of very white teeth.

"I came upon orders from our general," he said very politely. "The boy's pig, the pig which is to buy him an education, is at the door."

The children needed to hear no more. Manuel and Carmen and even little Elena rushed together into the

yard. There by the gate, lying quietly upon his side with his feet tied together, was Chini! He had squealed so long that he had learned that squealing was useless.

The man came out with Mr. and Mrs. Sandoval.

"My general orders me to tell you that he needs food to feed his soldiers, and money to pay them. He needs ammunition, and he needs clothing; but he does not need the pig of a poor boy who is trying to get an education."

And then, having delivered in rhetorical fashion the message in the exact words which the general had used, the bandit went on to tell the rest of the story.

"When we returned with the supplies, some of the men told as a great joke how a little girl had fought them with her bare fists because they were taking her brother's pig. The general overheard, and ordered the pig returned."

"A thousand thanks," said Mr. Sandoval, as the man left to join his mounted companions at the gate. "No reason to give them," the other shouted, as the band galloped away.

And now all the members of the Sandoval family were talking at once. While Mr. Sandoval was trying to carry the animal still bound to his sty, Manuel was cutting the cords which held the pig. Soon Chini was in his old home, his legs freed. He blinked for a moment, stretched himself, scratched his ear, and then waddled over to his trough.

"Here, Chini, here are your *tortillas*," exclaimed Carmen, as she tossed the remains of the noonday meal into the trough.

But Chini only grunted.

STORIES IN THE PLAZA

“**L**OOK, Mamacita, see how they jump! They are never still. But when I put them in a row and want them to march like soldiers, some jump forward and some jump backward!”

Elena Sandoval was sitting on the back porch in the sun, playing with some Mexican jumping beans. It was Sunday afternoon, and the whole family was resting after breakfast. Manuel was out behind the house, watching his pig Chini root at some old corn cobs. He was dreaming of the day when the pig would be big enough to sell, and he would use the money to go to school in Mexico City. Carmen was tearing *tortillas* into little scraps, and poking them through the slats of the chicken-pen. There were only three chickens in the yard now. Since the revolutionists had carried away all the chickens, Mr. Sandoval had been able to buy only three with which to start a new yard.

The sun shone brightly, and the air was very still. In fact the only sounds which could be heard were the cheeps of the chickens as they fought for the *tortillas*, and the lazy grunts of Chini as he rooted in his pen.

Suddenly little Elena came running out, calling, “Carmen! Manuel! Conchita says that Abuelita Sánchez is singing and telling stories in the plaza. Let’s ask if we may go and hear her.”

Manuel and Carmen needed no urging. Often they had listened to the old woman who sometimes sang in

the plaza, and the three children hurried into the house to ask permission from their father and mother.

"You may go," said Mr. Sandoval. "Abuelita Sánchez knows things about our country and her history that you ought to learn. But each of you must take a penny to drop in her cup when she is through. God will always care for him who remembers the poor."

Conchita, from the house next door, and her brothers Arturo and José were already waiting in the street. When the six children reached the plaza they found about forty boys and girls gathered around Abuelita Sánchez. The old woman sat flat upon the ground, Indian fashion, in the shade of a great live-oak tree, puffing a cigarette filled with wild tobacco. She was a pure-blooded Indian, with straight white hair, and her face was seamed and tanned like old leather. Nobody knew how old she was, but everyone was sure that she was at least a hundred. She had gone with the army to cook for her husband in the campaign when Juárez drove the Emperor Maximilian from his throne, and loved to tell of the great Liberator.

As Manuel and Carmen and their companions came up, Abuelita was singing one of the songs of Netzahuacoyotl, the Indian poet-king. It was the story of a little Indian girl who was afraid she was going to die. But she told her mother to be very brave when she was gone, and if anyone asked her why she was weeping, to tell them that it was because the smoke of the green wood burning on the hearth had blown in her eyes.

As soon as the song was finished, the old woman patiently tried to teach the children the name of the poet. Those who spoke the Indian language in their homes had very little difficulty; but the rest had as much trouble as

you or I would have had if we had been sitting that same day under that same live-oak tree, listening.

"But you must all learn it," said Abuelita, as she blew the smoke about her white head. "He was a wonderful man." Then she said patiently:

"Netza—," and the children all repeated "Netza—"

—"wa—" continued the old woman, and the children said "wa—."

—"coyótel," and "coyótel," shouted the children together.

"Netzahuacoyotl." Then everybody had it, and it did not seem so hard to say, after all.

"When everybody worshiped idols," continued Abuelita, "the poet-king built a great temple, with its roof open to the sky, and dedicated it 'To an Unknown God; the One who created all things, and by whom we live.'"

"Why," exclaimed Carmen, "he almost knew about the really truly God, didn't he?"

As soon as the old woman had finished telling about the poet, Manuel said very respectfully, "Will you do us the great favor of telling us a story about Benito Juárez?"

Now there was no story which the children would rather hear and none which Abuelita would rather tell. So she began by singing the songs about the great Liberator. One of these told of the good laws he made when he was governor of the state of Oaxaca; another was about his work as president; while a third described his long struggle to give the common people their rights. This song Abuelita sang with great spirit. She even forgot to smoke, while her black eyes snapped fire and she shook her white hair about her head.

But these were all songs of battle, and when she had finished, Manuel said, "Won't you please tell us something this afternoon about Benito Juárez when he was a little boy?"

"Please do," urged Carmen. "Tell us about the pieces of paper, and the cows!"

"When Benito Juárez was a little boy," said Abuelita, "he lived in a little town no bigger than this, down in the state of Oaxaca. He was an Indian boy, like many of you. But unlike most of you, he did not have any father and mother to take care of him. His mother died the day he was born, and his father only lived a few months longer.

"After his father's funeral, Benito's Uncle Bernardino took him to his house to live with him. Don Bernardino had a big ranch and kept many cows, and he thought that when his nephew was older he could earn his board by taking care of these cows.

"Benito slept on a pile of rags in the corner, for his uncle did not even give him a *petate*. When he was eight years old he began to work. The first words that he heard each morning were, 'Get up and take care of my cows!'

"Benito really liked watching the cows, because it gave him a chance to be out in the fields alone all day. When the grass was good, he had nothing to do but lie on his back and watch the clouds and listen to the songs of the birds. One day, as he was sitting by the side of a little stream, the wind blew a paper to his feet. Of course he could not read. But long before this he had decided that as soon as he was big enough he would go to Oaxaca and learn to read. So he folded this paper carefully and

put it away. Later he found other papers, which he kept hidden under a big stone in a cave.

"One day while Benito was watching two little squirrels in a tree, one of the cows wandered away. He did not dare go home without it, because he knew that his uncle would whip him if he did. So he hunted all through the afternoon, and until after dark. He found the cow, but it was very late when he got home."

"'You lost the cow because you were idle and lazy,' said his Uncle Bernardino as soon as he came in. Then he took a long black whip, saying, 'I will teach you to take better care of my cows!'

"The whip fell slashing upon Benito's little back, which was covered only with a thin cotton shirt.

"Each time Don Bernardino struck the boy he said, 'Now will you take care of my cows?' Benito did not answer and he did not cry. Instead he just shut his teeth hard. And when he went to his little pile of rags, there were great welts upon his back.

"But Benito never forgot that beating. One day, when he was twelve years old, he was studying a piece of paper with some words on it and trying to make out what they said. He was so interested that he did not notice that the cows had wandered into a neighbor's corn, until they had eaten several rows of it. The neighbor was very angry. He called to Benito and said, 'Your uncle must pay me for this corn. And when I tell him he will give you a good beating!'

"Benito knew that the man spoke the truth. He watched the neighbor walk away across the field. Then he went quickly to the cave where he kept his papers, and stuffing them in his pockets he started for Oaxaca.

"It was thirty-six miles to Oaxaca, and the road was only a trail. You know how the trails are in the country. There were many trails which led off to ranches, and Benito often lost his way. When night came he left the trail and went to sleep under a tree, because he was afraid that his uncle might be hunting for him.

"That night Benito was so excited that he did not realize he was hungry, but the next morning he wished that he had his *tortillas*. But he started out bravely on his way. He walked all that day and all the next, and late in the afternoon he came to the city of Oaxaca.

"Soon he came to a store, and went in to ask the man if he might work for some food. Benito could speak only Indian, and the man could not understand a word he said, but he did see that the boy was hungry, so he gave him something to eat.

"Benito stayed with the storekeeper for some months, working for his board and learning as much Spanish as he could. One day a priest who kept a book bindery came into the store to buy something. He saw Benito, and liked him.

" 'Do you want to go to school?' he asked Benito.

" 'Yes, sir, very much,' said Benito. Then he showed his new friend the papers he had collected.

"So the good priest took Benito home with him. During the day he went to school, and after school he worked in the book bindery. Then he studied law, and became the best lawyer in the land. Perhaps if he had not run away from Don Bernardino he would not have become the great Liberator of our country."

When Abuelita had finished her story, they all played the game of Juan Pirulero. But before they left they did

not forget to drop their pennies into the tin cup of the old lady.

"May God pay you for it!" said she as each penny rattled in the cup. Then the boys and girls walked quietly home, talking of the great Juárez and how he had saved the republic.

That night as the Sandoval family was eating dinner, Manuel said to his father, "Must I wait until Chini gets big? Couldn't I walk to the city, and perhaps find a book-binder who would give me work and teach me to read?"

THE LETTER FROM COLORADO

MRS. SANDOVAL lifted a pair of overalls from the stone upon which she had been rubbing them and swished them through the stream. She always liked wash day, because the other women of the little village gathered at the flat rocks by the river to do their laundry. There the water ran swiftly, making many little pools among the rocks. These rocks the women used for washboards, dipping their clothes in the pools. And as they worked, they talked and sang. Here the Indian ancestors of Mrs. Sandoval and her neighbors had washed clothes and exchanged news for nobody knows how many thousands of years.

Mrs. Sandoval stood up to wring the water from the overalls, and as she raised her eyes she saw Carmen running down the road. She was very much surprised, for she had left her little daughter at home to take care of Elena and the baby Carlos, and Mexican children usually obey their parents very well indeed.

Carmen came nearer, waving something in her hand; and as soon as she could make herself heard, she cried, "A letter, Mamacita! A letter for you!"

Mrs. Sandoval was more surprised than ever. In all her life she could never remember having received a letter, and most certainly she had never sent one. Letters were to tell of deaths or other calamities, and her hands trembled as she wiped them on her apron.

But there was no reason why she should wipe her

hands, because she could not read the letter after she opened it. There was nothing to do but leave the washing by the river and go to the postmaster, to have him read it for her.

"God guard him! God protect him! God care for him!" exclaimed Mrs. Sandoval, as soon as the postmaster told her that the letter was from her brother, Pedro Moreno.

"As you will notice," said the postmaster very importantly, "this letter has a foreign stamp upon it. Your brother writes from Brighton, a city in the state of Colorado in the republic of the north. He says that he has earned much money, working in the beets, and he urges you and your husband to go to the state of Colorado, that you too may work in the beets.

"And may I be preserved," continued the postmaster, "he writes that he owns an automobile, and says that he plans to drive to Denver when the work is finished. Last winter he studied English at night, he writes, and for five whole months the children went to school. The buildings in Denver he says are as high as a mountain, and railway cars run down the streets."

There were many long talks in the Sandoval family about the letter from Colorado, but finally it was decided that they should move to the United States and work with Pedro Moreno in the beets. Mr. Sandoval was much impressed with the large wages which Pedro received, not knowing how much more it would cost to live in the United States. Elena wanted to see the big buildings, while Carmen kept saying, "Just think! After we are through the work in the beets we can all go to school.

Uncle Pedro says that in the republic of the north there is a school in every town."

All winter long Mr. and Mrs. Sandoval saved every cent that could be spared. They sold the eggs from the chickens, and they went without chili in their beans so that they could sell the long red strings which they had grown in their little garden. And then, just before they were ready to leave, they sold the chickens, and Zoso the burro, and Chini the pig.

"The pig money is yours, Manuel," said Mr. Sandoval. "We shall keep it separate, and never use it until you go to school."

A few days before they were to begin their journey Mr. Sandoval said to the children, "I have a surprise for you. We are going on a long, long journey to a foreign country. It may be many years before we come back to our Mexico. It may be that some of us will never come back. But if I were to die in a strange land, I could be happier if I knew that my children had seen some of the wonders of their own country. It will not be much out of our way; and as we go to Mexico City to take our train, we shall visit the ancient city of Teotihuacán."

You and I would hardly know what Mr. Sandoval was talking about, and most certainly we could not pronounce the name of that place which he wanted the children to see. But often he had talked to them about the old ruins of ancient Mexico, and often they had heard Abuelita Sánchez in the plaza recite poetry about them.

When the Sandovals left the train at the station, they decided to walk out to the ruins rather than use the little donkey train in which most of the visitors rode. It

was only two miles, and they wanted to use the money to employ a guide.

"There is the pyramid," cried Carmen as they came around a bend in the road. Everyone walked faster now, and soon they stood at the base of the great mound which towered above them.

"It is more than two hundred and fifty feet up there to the top," said the guide who had now joined them.

"And Abuelita Sánchez says," said Manuel, "that our ancestors who built it did not have any carts, or any horses, or any burros, as we have, but that they carried all the dirt in baskets upon their backs."

"Oh!" exclaimed Elena. "Even with Zoso, it would take millions and millions of men to build a big pyramid like that!"

But the guide was already leading them around the steps, that they might climb to the top. Before they were halfway up they stopped for breath, and the guide told the children about the Aztec god who was worshiped on the summit.

"The name of the god," said he, "was Huitzilopochtli, and—"

"*What* a name!" exclaimed Carmen. "How in the world did the boys and girls ever learn to say their prayers?"

"There was a great image to Huitzilopochtli on the top of the pyramid," continued the guide. "He had a breast-plate of pure gold, and he faced the west. When our forefathers used to look up at the sun, and see its light and feel its warmth, they thought they were looking right into the face of their god. And they believed also that the god had to eat, just like a man, and that the only

thing he could eat was human souls. And so up these very steps which we are climbing, the priests used to lead prisoners of war, and sacrifice them to the sun-god when they reached the top of the mound."

"Hail Mary!" exclaimed Carmen. "I don't care now if I never learn to pronounce his old name!"

"But there *was* a priest," said Manuel, "who did not believe that. An old lady in our town told us about him. He taught the people that it was very wrong to offer human sacrifices. He was fair, with red hair and long red whiskers. He told everybody that the sun-god would be much happier if they would offer him large bouquets of the beautiful flowers growing in the meadows."

"I like *him*!" said Carmen. "Won't you please teach us his name, sir, and then we'll all forget the name of the horrid sun-god?"

Near the top the steps were so narrow that there was hardly room for their feet. "When you go down, you'll see why," said the guide. "The steps are so narrow, you will have to go down backward. That was so no one could turn his back to the god until he reached the second level."

By this time they had gained the summit of the pyramid and were looking out over the valley.

"Do you see that broad enclosure off there?" asked the guide, pointing to an immense high wall far below them. "That is the court-yard of a temple built in honor of the fair priest about whom this boy was just telling us. He was a good man, and he taught the people that they should do to others as they would like to be done by. He explained to everybody that they should be very kind, to old people especially and to little children."

"And did all the people believe him?" asked Manuel.

"Some did, but most did not. So one day the fair priest became very much discouraged. He turned away in the direction of Vera Cruz, and no one ever saw him again. But he told the people that some day he would come back."

"And I know some more to that story, too," said Manuel. "When the Spaniards came, our people thought that they were the children of the good priest, because they were fair and because they came from the direction of Vera Cruz."

"You know your history very well, young man," said the guide. "And because they thought these Spaniards were gods, they let them into the city. But they were more like devils than like gods. They burned the city, killed the people, and tortured the king and his nobles to find out where they had hidden the gold and silver. But our people died rather than tell, and nobody has ever found their treasure. After that the Spaniards took away our lands, and ever since then we have been fighting to get them back."

As they came to the bend in the road again that late afternoon, they all turned and looked silently toward the pyramid. "Well," said Elena, "I'm glad I'm an Indian!"

Mr. Sandoval had a sister in Mexico City, and she was at the station to meet them when the train came in. She had visited the Sandovals when Carlos was born, and she had become the little boy's godmother. And so, as the train slowed down at the station, she ran along by the side of the car, laughing and talking through the window.

"Give me my godson!" she called. And as soon as the train stopped, little Carlos was passed through the window

to his aunt. "God guard him!" she exclaimed as she covered his face with kisses. "The very face of his father!"

Then out the window came the bundles and the rolls of bedding, while everyone crowded to the door of the car.

"We must leave in the morning," said Mr. Sandoval, as they gathered their bundles together.

"Why, tomorrow is Tuesday!" exclaimed his sister. And she quoted the Mexican proverb which says, "On Tuesday do not get married nor begin a journey."¹ And so they decided to stay a whole day in Mexico City.

That night the grown-ups talked late, but the children were so tired they soon went to bed. To bed? But no, of course not! They had never seen a bed in all their lives. They slept upon woven grass mats called *petates*, and were covered over with beautiful Indian blankets called *sarapes*.

When the Sandoval children went to sleep they did not call, "Good night, daddy," "Good night, mother," and then scamper away. First Manuel came, then Carmen, and last Elena.

"The blessing, Papacito," said Manuel.

Then Mr. Sandoval placed his hand upon the head of each in turn and said, "God bless you, my child." And each child in turn took the hand from his own head and, kissing it, went to bed.

As Mrs. Sandoval wrapped her *sarape* around Carmen, after she had heard her prayers, the little girl said sleepily, "Wouldn't it have been wonderful, Mamacita, if the Spaniards had really been the children of the good priest? How much happier our Mexico would have been!"

¹ *El martes no te cases y no te embarques.*

CROSSING THE BORDER

THE brakes screeched; the train jerked and came to a stop.

"Ripe bananas, at five cents for two!"

"*Aguacates* at five cents!"

"Here I have *mangos* and *tunas*!"

Everybody at the station had something to sell. Men and women ran up and down the train, holding up their wares and calling through the windows. And in the crowd were many blind and lame beggars who asked for a penny, "for the mercy of God," and who always said, "May God pay you for it," when something was given them.

By the side of the car window Mr. Sandoval saw an old woman cooking meat on a charcoal burner. This she wrapped in *tortillas*, making what is called *taquitos*. Mr. Sandoval bought a *taquito* for each member of the family, and a little cup of goat's milk for Carlos.

Manuel looked hungrily at the roast chicken offered for sale, but his father said, "Only a *taquito*, little son; we must save every cent."

"*Va'mo-NOS!*" called the conductor, and "Puff! puff! puff!" said the little engine as it pulled the train of cars up the grade. The children ate their *taquitos* and looked out over the hot mountainside.

"My!" said Carmen, "I wish I had a nice *tuna* or a *mango*."

Mr. Sandoval's heart softened. "Here, Manuel," said

he, "take this money and go into the front car and buy some *mangos* or some bananas from the fruit seller."

Manuel could never remember just how it all happened. He was standing by the side of the seat, selecting the fruit which he wanted to buy, when suddenly there was a loud "Bang!" like the roar of a cannon. The car lurched from side to side, seemed to stand for a moment dizzily on end, and then everything was confusion. Manuel caught hold of the iron on the side of the seat where he stood, and wrapped his legs around the seat end. It seemed to him that the world was upside down. The air was filled with dust, and with the crash of breaking wood. He knew that he turned a dozen somersaults while he clung to the end of the seat. At last the car stopped, upside down, against a huge rock. Then everything was black.

The next thing Manuel knew, he was lying on the floor of a box-car, which was traveling very fast. People were sitting all about him, some on boards and boxes, and some on the floor of the car. All were talking excitedly. Manuel closed his eyes to try and remember what had happened. Then he felt carefully of a very sore place on his head, where a big bump had grown since he went to sleep. Soon he opened his eyes again, and saw that all his fellow passengers were soldiers.

"Well," said one of them, "the young man is awake. The saints preserved you, boy. Tell us how to roll down a mountain in a railway car and come out alive!"

"All I can remember," said Manuel, "is that I held to the end of the seat as hard as I could."

"And holding on to the end of the seat," said the soldier, "is what saved your life."

"But where are my father and my mother? Where is Carmen, and where are Elena and little Carlos?"

The soldiers were rough men, used to suffering and death, but none liked to answer the boy's question. Finally the one who had spoken first asked, "Were they in the car with you, my boy?"

"No," said Manuel. And then he explained how he had left his own car to go and buy fruit.

"That is good news," said the soldier. "When the bandits blew up the train, one of the brakemen was quick enough to disconnect some of the cars. You were on the upgrade, and some of the cars simply rolled back to safety. Perhaps your father and mother were on one of them. You are all right now, except for a bump on your head. But tell me, boy; we shall soon be in Ciudad Juárez—have you friends there?"

Manuel thought of Benito Juárez; hadn't he gone alone to a big city when he was only twelve? "A thousand thanks for all you have done for me," said Manuel. "I shall need no help when we get to Ciudad Juárez."

Manuel hoped that when the train came into the station he would see the familiar face of his father. There was the usual crowd: porters who showed their badges and wanted to carry baggage; people waiting for their friends; taxi drivers anxious to earn a fare. But among them all, Manuel saw not one whom he knew.

Where should he go? What should he eat? Where should he sleep?

Manuel boldly stepped out into the sunshine. To his right he saw a tall monument, and wandered over toward the little park at its base. He could not read the words carved upon it, but what was his delight to see the famil-

iar features of Benito Juárez chiseled in the marble! Ciudad Juárez! Of course there would *have* to be a statue of the great Liberator!

The Juárez monument encouraged Manuel greatly, and he walked down to the plaza, thinking he might find his parents there. He dropped upon a park bench, and watched the people. Soon a man passed with a big tray which he carried on the top of his head. Suddenly Manuel realized that he was hungry. He felt in his pocket, and found the money which his father had given him to buy the fruit. Twenty *centavos*! But instead of buying candy from the man with the tray, he found a food stand and bought a *taquito*.

It is wonderful how much better a boy feels when his stomach is full; and after he had eaten something, Manuel decided that he would get up and explore the town. He went through the great market, visited the old church, and looked with interest upon the crowds of Americans who kept coming and going. Then he looked off toward the north, and for the first time saw the great buildings of El Paso, in the United States. But nowhere did he see his father and mother.

That night when it grew dark, Manuel crept back to the statue of Benito Juárez, and curling himself up on the hard steps, speedily went to sleep. You see he had never been used to a bed, and the cement did not seem as hard to him as it would to you or me. But along toward morning it became very cold, and as soon as it was light, Manuel was down in the plaza, waiting to get his breakfast. He spent his last ten *centavos* for coffee and *tortillas*; then he sat down on a park bench and wondered how he would buy his noon-day meal.

It was in the plaza that he saw the bootblacks, many of them even younger than himself. They carried little boxes, upon which the foot of the customer rested while the shoe was shined. Manuel went up to one of these boys when he was not busy, and said, "How much do you charge for shining shoes?"

"Ten *centavos*," said the boy; "twenty *centavos* if it's a gringo."

"What's a gringo?" said Manuel.

"Say, where did you come from? A gringo's an American. They have lots of money, and I get all I can from them."

All the morning Manuel stayed with his new friend, and once he helped shine a man's shoes. At noon the boy said that it was time for him to go for his breakfast, and told Manuel that while he was gone he might keep his box and shine shoes, keeping for himself half of what he earned.

Eagerly Manuel took the box and began calling for customers as he had heard the others do. Soon there came a party of Americans, and as they seemed to be in a hurry, all the bootblacks available were called into service. When Manuel had finished, he held out his hand to the man and said, "Twenty *centavos*."

"What!" said one of the other Americans, speaking in Spanish. "You little robber—ten *centavos* is the regular price."

"I am shining shoes for another boy," said Manuel with great dignity, "and before he went to breakfast he told me it was twenty *centavos* if I shined the shoes of an American."

The man laughed and translated for his friends what

Manuel had said. And the American whose shoes Manuel had shined laughed louder than the others.

This the man who spoke Spanish interpreted for Manuel. Then he began to eye him more closely. "You do not speak the language of the city," he said. "You are a *campesino*."

Now a *campesino* is a person from the country, and immediately Manuel began to tell his story. He had not gone very far before the man interrupted, "Is your name Manuel Sandoval?"

Manuel could hardly believe his ears. "Yes, sir," said he, "and I lost my father and mother when the train was wrecked by bandits."

"Your father and mother," continued the young American, "were in our settlement last night, telling us all about you. They have been looking everywhere for you, and are afraid that you were killed in the wreck. We placed them in a hotel for the night. We must let them know as soon as possible. You come with me."

The street car, then a short ride, then the immigration officials at the gate. If Manuel had not been so anxious to see his father and mother and brother and sisters, he would have been very much interested in all that happened. He answered the questions which were asked as best he could, bared his arm for the vaccination needle, took his shower bath, and waited until his clothes should come from the baking oven. And when they did come, his leather belt was burned to a crisp, and he had to ask for a string to hold up his trousers. But in all the difficulties Manuel found that he had a real friend in the young American, who seemed to know everybody and who understood just what to do at every turn.

It was only a little way to the settlement house, and there Manuel waited impatiently while a messenger went to a near-by hotel.

Suddenly there was a rush on the steps, feet running in the hall, and then a whole family seemed to try to seize Manuel at once.

"Manuel! Manuel!" cried Carmen happily.

"God be praised and God be thanked!" said his father. But his mother simply gathered him into her arms.

WORKING IN THE BEETS

THE roll had just been called in a little country school not far from Greeley, Colorado. A Mexican girl timidly raised her hand, waving it to attract the attention of the teacher.

"Yes, Carmen," said she, "what is it?"

Slowly and with much dignity Carmen rose to her feet. Her eyes were red, and her voice choked, but she said in her precise English, "Too much work in the beets. I must to leave the school. I must to thin the beets."

Quickly she walked to the door, closed it softly behind her, and then ran as fast as she could down the street.

"Too bad," said the teacher to herself, as she watched her from the window; "the brightest little girl in the room; so quick, so eager; and now she must bend her back for sixteen hours a day over the beets. For an American girl, that would not be allowed; but she's 'only a Mexican.' When I think of the harm done to children who have to work in our beet fields, I can hardly bear to use sugar even in my coffee any more."

Carmen hurried home to take off the little gingham dress which Miss Holt, in the Home of Neighborly Service, had helped her make. She folded it with much care, wrapped it in a newspaper, and stored it away in an apple box. Then she put on her old dress, the one which she wore when she came from Mexico, and hurried out into the field.

"Chop, chop, chop" went Mr. Sandoval's broad hoe,

as he did the blocking. The seed had been sown plentifully, and the little plants had grown up like wide bands of thick fuzz. Blocking meant cutting out everything except blocks of plants a foot square and about eighteen inches apart. Then Manuel and Carmen and Mrs. Sandoval followed along on their knees, doing the thinning.

If you have ever helped thin onions in your home garden, you know just how they worked. In each block they had to select the strongest and biggest beet plant; then they pulled out all the other plants, and all the weeds, and threw them down to wither on the ground. It was hard work, for they had to crawl along on their knees in the damp ground so as not to bend their backs too much. But even so, their backs became very sore and stiff.

The sun climbed higher and the day grew warmer, but no one thought of stopping, not even to rest. Mr. Sandoval had contracted to do all the hand work on a certain number of acres for twenty-three dollars an acre, and the farmer had come into the field several times to insist that he work faster.

When the sun was straight over head, they all came together near the rail fence, where Carlos was playing on his blanket. Mrs. Sandoval stood up and straightened herself, holding her hands on her back for a moment to ease the pain. Then she went over to the fence corner and brought out a tin pail, a brown jug, and a package wrapped in newspaper. The package contained *tortillas*, in the pail were beans and chili, while the jug held the drinking water.

They all ate as fast as they could, because there was so much work to be done; and in about ten minutes Mr.

Sandoval was chopping away again with his hoe, while the others followed behind him in the rows.

And so they worked through the first weeding and thinning. At night Mrs. Sandoval was so tired that she was no longer hungry. As soon as they reached the two-room adobe hut which was their home by the side of the field, the children threw themselves upon the floor and immediately went to sleep. Always Mrs. Sandoval had to wake them up, so that they could eat their beans and *tortillas*.

At last there came a day when Mr. Sandoval decided that Elena, too, must leave school and help in the field. "She can go to the six weeks' school during July and August," said he. "All the children who work go to that school. 'He who walks where there is honey finds some of it sticking to him.'"¹

"God love and guard her," exclaimed her mother, "it will break her heart. Already she has learned the English so that she can buy the coffee and the cornmeal at the store; and she has learned to count, so that they must give her the right change."

"But what good her English," her father replied, "if we all starve to death? What good the arithmetic if we have no beans and *tortillas*? Elena must help."

"If only we could find my brother Pedro!" sighed Mrs. Sandoval. "Those men in El Paso—they did not ask us where we would go. They put us in cars and sent us off like cattle. Where is Brighton? And where is Pedro? Surely he could tell us how to weed these beets faster!"

That very night Carmen became sick. She had gone to sleep almost as soon as supper was over. Her mother

¹ *El que anda entre la miel, algo se le pega.*

and father, tired out with the long hours in the beets, waited only long enough to wash the dishes before going to bed themselves.

You know how your mother always hears you when you call in the night. Well, Carmen called, though she did not know she was calling. Mrs. Sandoval was so tired and sleepy herself she hardly knew what was happening at first. Then she grew wide awake as she listened. "Weeds and beets, weeds and beets, always weeds and beets, Papacito!" Carmen was saying.

Hurriedly Mrs. Sandoval lighted a kerosene lamp. Her little girl's eyes were closed, and her voice went on:

"The beets that I pull keep dancing on their tails along the row. I'm sure, Papacito, that I left the biggest beet in that block. Why, he's almost as big as I am. He's pulling himself out of the ground! He's smothering me, Papacito!"

All night long Carmen tossed and moaned in her sleep. Early in the morning Manuel hurried for the doctor. He came about ten o'clock, held the little girl's wrist while he looked at his watch, and put a glass tube in her mouth.

"Just too much hard work," said he, "and too little rest. She's too young for it. Keep her out of the beets."

And so that day neither Carmen nor her mother went to the field. The little girl was too sick even to go back to school, but in a couple of weeks she was getting the meals and caring for little Carlos. Often when the breakfast dishes were washed, she would take the baby and walk over to the Home of Neighborly Service, where Miss Holt told Bible stories. As the missionary swept and dusted, she told Carmen about Jesus and the little children, about the storm on the lake, about the Prodigal

Son, and many other stories which Carmen had never heard. One day she started to tell her the parable of the sower, and Carmen exclaimed: "Please, Miss Holt, it's a beautiful story, I know, but it seems to me that I would not like to hear anything about fields or seed or growing plants again, not for a long, long time."

After Manuel had gone for the doctor, the day Carmen was taken sick, he would not go to the field until he was sure that she was going to get well. And so Mr. Sandoval had to work alone until almost noon. It must have been about three o'clock when the American farmer came walking across the field. By this time the blocking was all done, and both Manuel and his father were working together on their knees doing the second weeding.

The farmer knew a little Spanish, and he said to Mr. Sandoval, "Too slow—you do not work fast enough. You must be through all the weeding by Saturday night. *Sabe?* Too slow weeding, too little sugar; little sugar, less pay."

Manuel thought of how hard they had all worked, and how much everything cost at the store; thought of the school he had had to give up, and of little Carmen, moaning through the night and lying sick at home. Then something red came in front of his eyes. He lowered his head, doubled up into a knot, and hurled himself like a mad bull right into the stomach of the farmer. Surprised, the man stepped back; but in an instant Manuel was at him again, butting with his brown head and pummeling with his fists.

"Manuel! Manuel!" called his father. "What is it that has come upon you?"

Manuel dropped his fists and glared for a moment at

the American; then he turned abruptly and walked rapidly across the field toward home.

"Excuse him, please. His sister is sick from the work," said Mr. Sandoval sadly.

"I am sorry," said the man. "I did not know that. The work is hard, and it has to be done so fast. If your child is sick, I'll ask Miss Holt from the Home of Neighborly Service to call at your house."

But Miss Holt had already heard about Carmen, and was at the house when Manuel stormed in. His anger had cooled somewhat, but not entirely. "I have finished!" he exclaimed. "I go back to Mexico, where one does not work like a burro!"

Patiently Miss Holt got the whole story. Then she asked, "Why did you hit Mr. Greene, Manuel?"

"Because he makes us all work so hard."

"And why does he make you work so hard?"

Manuel thought a moment, and then answered, "Because if the weeding is not done fast, there is not so much sugar in the beets, and the Company will not pay so much; perhaps it will not take them."

"Then why did you not go and hit the Company?"

Manuel dropped his eyes to the floor, shamefaced, then he said, "The Company does not pay enough for the beets. If the farmer got more, he could give us more for the work. When we came we thought it was much money. But everything is much money in this country. Corn, coffee, beans, everything costs much money."

"Something is indeed wrong, my boy, but to place the blame is not so easy. I was talking with one of the officers of the Company the other day about children working in the beets," said Miss Holt. "I asked him why they

did not charge more for the sugar, so that they could pay more for the beets, and everything could be worked out splendidly, just as you have just pictured it. But he tells me that the price of beet sugar is fixed by the price of cane sugar, that comes from Cuba. Something is wrong, and many of us are sharers in that wrong: you have had to leave school, Carmen here is sick, and all this in order that the rest of us could have cheap sugar. All of us must try and find out what is wrong, and then try to stop it. And now I want to tell you a story.

"Once there was slavery in this country. Black men and women in the south had to work long hours, without pay, for their masters. And they were bought and sold like animals. When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, not much older than you, he made a trip to New Orleans. While there he saw a black man sold at auction on the block. Lincoln was only a boy but he said to himself: 'If I ever have a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard!' But he did not hit the auctioneer, Manuel, as you hit Mr. Greene. Years later, when President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation that freed the Negroes of the South, he remembered that day by the auction block in New Orleans. Slavery then was just about as hard to understand as child labor is now."

"That's almost like the story of Benito Juárez," exclaimed Manuel. "He was just an Indian boy, and he became the Liberator of my people." Then Manuel picked up his hat and started back to the field.

And as Miss Holt watched him climb the fence, she said to herself, "I hope the time will come when boys like Manuel will grow to be men who *will* hit the system, and hit it hard!"

THE COLD WINTER IN DENVER

IT was winter in Denver. The sky was overcast with great masses of white clouds. A cold wind was blowing, and anyone who had ever seen a snow storm would be sure that one was coming.

But Carmen and Elena Sandoval had never seen snow in all their lives. They only knew that they were colder than they had ever been before, as they walked along the railway track near Jerome Park, looking for bits of coal. After the harvest was over at Greeley, the Sandovals had gone to Brighton, hunting Pedro Moreno, Mrs. Sandoval's brother, but he had already gone. Then they moved to Denver to spend the winter.

"That's enough for tonight," said Carmen at last. "We can make a little fire, and then tomorrow night after school we will hunt some more." The children made their way down through the huts and hovels that people call Jerome Park to a little two-room shanty.

"Blessed be God!" said Mrs. Sandoval fervently, as she met them at the door. "Now we can cook our supper and warm the house. Little Carlos is so cold his fingers are blue."

An old apple-box furnished the kindling, and it was only a few moments before Mrs. Sandoval had a fire in the kitchen stove. And such a kitchen! There was the stove, of course, and there were a few empty shelves on the wall. But the only other piece of furniture in the

room was a table. Evidently the family sat upon boxes, for several were scattered about.

The beans were simmering on the fire, and Mrs. Sandoval was busy making *tortillas*, when her husband came home. He was very downhearted. "Everybody say 'No work today,'" he sighed, as he dropped upon a box, holding his head in his hands.

Mr. Sandoval had had several jobs since he had come from the beet fields, but none of them lasted very long. At first he worked with pick and shovel where a new sewer line was being laid. When this work was finished, he had a few days' work digging the ground for a new lawn. Then the cold weather came and there was no work of any sort. The Sandovals did not know that it *could* be so cold.

"Mamacita," said Carmen as she helped her mother set the table in the kitchen, "Papa cannot get work because his clothes look so shabby. All the summer he was down on his knees weeding the beets, and the patches which you put on his overalls—well, they *are* patches, Mamacita. I think that if Papa had some better clothes, he might find work."

Supper was hardly on the table before Manuel bustled in. He was selling papers on the street after school, and was the only member of the family who was making regular money. Under his arm he carried a small bundle, about which he seemed to be very mysterious. But nothing was said until after supper. Then with great ceremony Manuel untied the string of his package, and what do you think tumbled out? A brand new pair of blue overalls! With much pride he passed them to his father.

"For you, Papa!" said he. "Every day I sell more papers than the day before, and from the money I have bought these overalls for you."

Carmen jumped up from her box, and running around the table, put her arms around her brother's neck, and gave him a big hug. "Now Papa will get a job!" she cried. "Why, when he puts these on, he'll look as if he had a job already!"

And so, to please his family, Mr. Sandoval had to put on the new overalls at once. Then he looked so fine that they decided they would all attend the service at the mission.

When the beet work was over at Greeley, Miss Holt, the missionary, had given the Sandovals the address of a mission in Denver. They had gone once or twice, but lately Mr. Sandoval's clothes had looked so shabby that he had been ashamed to go.

During all the service that night Mrs. Sandoval could not help noticing a man who sat two seats in front of her. Finally she whispered to her husband during the singing of a hymn, "My brother, Pedro Moreno!"

After that, none of the Sandovals heard the sermon, nor had much part in the singing. Mrs. Sandoval could not take her eyes from her brother, while Manuel whispered importantly to Carmen, "That is our Uncle Pedro."

After the service the family greeted Mr. Moreno, and there were many *abrazos* and exclamations over the size of the children. Then they all went to the Moreno home to spend the rest of the evening. Mr. Moreno had a regular job with the street-car company, and had a nice home, with good furniture.

"You come with me tomorrow," said Pedro as the San-

dovals were leaving that night, "and I'll introduce you to the boss. Maybe you can get a job on the tracks."

That night it snowed hard—in fact, there was a regular blizzard. Manuel, wrapped in his blanket, listened to the wind howl around the corners of the little house. The next morning the children could hardly wait to get out into the snow.

"It looks just like salt or sugar," said Elena, with her nose flattened against the pane.

When Mrs. Sandoval started the fire, she used the paper in which the overalls had been wrapped. A sales slip fell out, and Carmen read it. "A dollar and a half, Mama!" said she. "Our Manuel is earning lots of money." Then she dropped the slip into the fire.

Dressed in his new overalls, Mr. Sandoval had already gone out into the snow with his brother-in-law. The children were hardly through breakfast when he came bounding up the steps almost like a boy. Opening the door he exclaimed, "I go to work tomorrow! The boss said a man was quitting tonight, and I could have his place."

Mr. Sandoval had hardly spoken the words before there was a loud knock at the door. Turning to open it, he saw a policeman in a blue uniform. Without waiting to be asked, the man stepped into the room, and said gruffly, "Where did you get those overalls?"

Now Mr. Sandoval had not yet learned to speak much English, and it was especially hard for him when he was nervous. So he turned to Carmen to ask her what the man had said. But Carmen was already speaking.

"He asks you where you got the overalls. But I tell him—" then turning to the policeman, "My brother Man-

uel sells papers. He bought those overalls as a present for our Papa, so he could get a job. And he has a job, where he goes to work tomorrow morning. Those overalls cost a dollar and a half."

"That's a likely story, little miss," said the man. "And I suppose your brother has the sales coupon to prove it?"

Carmen gave her mother one look. She covered her face with her hands, and in a heartbroken voice said something to her in Spanish. Then, turning to the policeman she stammered, "There was a check—I saw it. One dollar and a half. But I burned it this morning when I made the fire."

The policeman just shrugged his shoulders. "I know where your father got those overalls better than you do," he said to Carmen. "He stole them from the clothing store down by the corner." Then placing his hand on Mr. Sandoval's arm he said roughly, "You come with me!"

Instantly there was consternation in the Sandoval family. Mrs. Sandoval waved her arms and wept, exclaiming again and again, "God guard us and protect us!"

But Carmen was much more practical. Already she had on her coat and hat. "I'm going to see the minister," she said, as she hurried out into the snow.

The minister at the church was constantly being called upon to help Mexicans in trouble. Always he was trying to find them work; and he knew well that because they were foreigners they were often suspected of doing things of which they were innocent. When Carmen had told him her story, and the minister had gone with her to visit the jail, Mr. Sandoval was already locked up.

"Petty larceny is the charge," said the sergeant. "Seems

to have stolen a pair of overalls from a store down in Jerome Park. Case called for this afternoon. Come back about three o'clock if you have anything to say for him."

But the cases in the court moved along faster than usual that day, and Mr. Sandoval was called before the judge earlier than had been expected. There was the court interpreter to speak for him, but no one knew him. Mr. Sandoval stuck to the story that Manuel his son had bought the overalls as a present.

There were crowds of unemployed Mexicans in the city, men who had drifted in from the beet fields.

"Thirty days in jail, or leave the city at once," said the judge.

Precisely at three o'clock the minister arrived at the police court. "The Sandoval case?" said the desk clerk. "Heard two hours ago. Discharged, on condition he leave the city."

The Mexican minister hurried to the Sandoval home. The house was empty.

THE FAMILY ON WHEELS

LITTLE Carlos Sandoval was sick. His mother sat upon the ground, Indian-fashion, rocking him back and forth in her arms. Near by, Manuel and his father were setting up the tent, while Carmen, in a businesslike fashion, was cooking the evening meal.

"*Pobrecito!*" said Mrs. Sandoval. "He is so hot and so weak, he gives me much pity."

"Perhaps before it gets dark," said Mr. Sandoval to Manuel, "you had better fix that flat tire and see why the engine is missing. It seems that this car will be in pieces before we get to Phoenix."

"I just hope the old car breaks down and never moves again!" said Carmen, as she stirred the beans. "I want a house to live in. I want some clean clothes. And more than anything else, I want to go to school. How can we learn with just a few months' school in the winter and six weeks in the summer? Now we must study with little children. If we didn't have any old automobile, we couldn't keep moving all the time."

"'He who risks nothing, never crosses the ocean,'"¹ quoted her father. "And 'the dog that never goes out, never finds a bone!'"² At least you have seen much of the world."

"Yes, we have seen the grapes and the melons in California, and now we are going to see the lettuce in Phoenix.

¹ *El que no arriesga, no cruza el mar.*

² *Perro que no sale, no encuentra hueso.*

And everywhere we see much trouble, and much dirt. A year at Greeley, a winter in Denver, and two years in Brighton, and Manuel and I have each been promoted once. We move before we are promoted. We're just Mexican jumping beans!"

"'Flies never get into a shut mouth,'"¹ said her father, very much annoyed. "If we didn't move, we would have no work; and if we had no automobile, we could not move."

"And if we did not have the automobile," said Carmen, "we would have to stay all the time in the same place. We would *find* work when there was no harvest. Then we could all go to school, and to church. We would have a home. I'm tired of tents and automobiles and camps and dust and dirt!"

Then, as they all sat down to eat, Carmen saw how tired her father looked. Leaving her place she ran to him and kissed his cheek, saying, "Forgive me, Papacito! Carlos will be better in the morning and we'll all be happy again, and you're the best papa in this world, anyway!"

Several times during the night Mrs. Sandoval tiptoed cautiously out of the tent to bring water for Carlos. He was hot and feverish, and frequently awakened everyone with his piteous cry, "*Agua, agua!* I want *agua!*" The little fellow had learned English and Spanish together, and could not separate the words when he talked.

The next morning, as they were eating breakfast, a flock of blackbirds flew over the camp. "Look!" cried Mr. Sandoval. "The way you talked last night, Carmen—and now have come all these birds to bring us bad luck!"

¹ *En boca cerrada, no entra mosca.*

"Miss Holt says blackbirds in this country do not bring any worse luck than sparrows," said Elena, very wisely.

Such a sight as the Sandoval automobile presented the next morning! The fenders were dented, and the engine made a thumping noise when it ran. Mr. Sandoval was driving, while beside him sat his wife, holding Carlos in her lap. In the back seat were the children. But the load! Valises and canvas bags and bundles were mixed with pots and kettles and pans along both running boards. Behind was tied a great load of bedding, while across the top of the car was stretched a light mattress.

Carlos seemed to be no better. He moaned and cried a great deal, and constantly stopped the car with his plaintive, "I want *agua!*" Mrs. Sandoval was plainly worried.

About ten o'clock there was a loud "Bang!" "Another tire!" said Manuel. "I'll fix it, Papa."

It gets very hot in Arizona, and there was no shade of any sort where the family could rest while Manuel patched the tire. And such a tire! You would have laughed to see it when it was off the rim. There were three or four boots in it, and the tube seemed to be patched in a dozen places. "There!" said Manuel, as he wiped his face, and prepared to let the wheel down with the jack.

"Bang!" went a tire on the other side of the car. Patiently Manuel went around to examine the damage. There was a hole three inches long.

"We'll have to get the spare," he called to his father. Then off came the bedding and the clothing and the tent and all the other things that had been tied on behind, and at last they reached the spare. It looked as if it could not run a mile, but Manuel put it on the wheel, while

Mr. Sandoval replaced the load. And all the time little Carlos called for water.

While the car had been moving, it was cooler; but while they were stopping to repair the tires, the heat seemed almost unbearable. Carlos stopped crying, and with eyes half closed began to gasp for breath.

"Hurry! Hurry!" called his mother frantically. "If we do not reach the shade, the boy will die!"

But soon all the work was finished, and the auto was again on its way. Of course there was a great deal of noise, for the Sandoval auto never ran without making a tremendous racket. But it continued on its way, and no one, not even Carmen, complained about the noise.

But early in the afternoon, stop it did. The engine coughed two or three times, sputtered, and then died. Mr. Sandoval was helpless. Also he was very tired, and very much worried about Carlos.

"See, Carmen," he exclaimed in exasperation, "what did I tell you about the blackbirds? Also you have your wish. The car has stopped, and moves no more. The saints heard your prayer."

"Papacito, Papacito," cried Carmen, "I did not mean it. And besides, if it had to stop, I wanted it to stop by the side of a nice house and a school and a church. But I am sure neither the saints nor the blackbirds had anything to do with it. *You* have learned better than that too, now you know you have, little Papa!"

"The agent said it was a very good car," sighed Mrs. Sandoval.

"Nobody knows better what is in the pot than the one who stirs it,"¹ replied her husband.

¹ *Nadie sabe lo que hay en la olla, más que el que la menea.*

But Manuel had not stopped to listen to all this conversation. He was already out, peering into the engine of the car. "Step on it!" he called in brisk English to his father. It seemed that there was no Spanish phrase which just exactly said that.

Mr. Sandoval stepped on the starter, while Manuel held the handle of a screw-driver near each spark plug in turn. "Fat spark!" Manuel muttered to himself, again in English. But he went around to the other side of the car.

A few moments of examination, and he raised a smiling face. "Just a lot of dirt in the carburetor," he explained. "Now I am sure it will go."

Mr. Sandoval did not know the carburetor from the radiator, but if Manuel said that he was sure the car would go, he was content.

It must have been four o'clock in the afternoon when the same old "Bang!" was heard once more. "There were hundreds of those birds," sighed Mr. Sandoval.

"No more tires," said Manuel simply. "We'll just have to go on the rim." And bumpity, bumpity, bump they went on the rim. Everyone was tired and dusty, and Mrs. Sandoval was distracted for fear little Carlos would die before they could get him to the doctor.

About an hour later they passed an American who was standing by the side of his car, looking into the engine. The automobile was a beautiful one, with shining enamel and big balloon tires. The man had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. There was a big streak of dirt across his face, and another big streak across his light gray trousers.

Almost before he thought, Mr. Sandoval had stopped

the car to inquire if they could help, and Manuel had leaped to the ground.

"Don't stop!" cried Mrs. Sandoval, "The little Carlos will die!"

But Manuel was looking into the engine. "My boy, do you know anything about automobiles?" asked the man. Then noting the Sandoval machine, and doubtless thinking that anyone who could keep such a car running *must* know something about them, he said, "See if you can find what is the trouble with this engine."

"Step on it!" said Manuel. The engine started and immediately died. "It's choked," said he. Then looking again, "See, the choker wire is broken." A few moments of tinkering, and the American was once more invited to "Step on it!" The engine started and purred softly.

"I'm very much obliged to you," said the American. "Here's my card; drop in and see me tomorrow in Phoenix." Then the big automobile whirled away.

Soon there was another "Bang!" on the Sandoval car, and another wheel began to bump along on the rim.

"It goes just like a toad now," said Elena. Then they all tried to imagine how a toad which was as big as an auto would go, and their troubles did not seem half so big. But driving on two flat tires is pretty slow business, even if one can imagine that he is giving a very good imitation of a toad, and the Sandovals had to make camp again that night by the side of the road.

It was about ten o'clock the next morning when they rattled into Phoenix. Their whole concern now was for Carlos, who did not seem to be any better. And then as they made their way slowly along the street, Carmen saw a sign.

"Christian Center!" she exclaimed. "That's just like the Home of Neighborly Service at Greeley, and the one at Brighton. Let's stop and ask them to tell us about a doctor. And if there's someone there like Miss Holt, I'm sure she can cure Carlos herself."

Timidly Manuel went up to the door. He was met by a kind-faced lady who said, "Come right in!"

But Manuel said simply, "No, thank you; I came to say my brother is sick."

"Well, then," said the lady, "you are just in time for the clinic. The doctor is here now."

And so the Sandovals learned what a wonderful blessing is a mission clinic. The doctor examined Carlos and talked to Mrs. Sandoval, and then said, "Too much traveling around in the heat, and too many beans. Your little boy is too young to eat beans. The nurse will give you a diet for him, and he'll be all right in a few days."

In the meantime the kind lady had been finding a place where they could stay for the night, and Mr. Sandoval had gone out to see about finding work in the lettuce.

The first thing Manuel did was to hunt up the address on the card the American had given him. In about an hour he was back at the little rooming house where the family was to stay, his face beaming with happiness.

"The American sent me with a letter to a garage, and I have a job!" he exclaimed all in one breath. "I'm to work afternoons and Saturdays, and I can go to school!"

Carmen threw her arms about her brother's neck. "Good old bad old automobile," she said. "If you hadn't had to fix it so much, Manuel, you would never have learned how!"

MANUEL LEARNS A NEW LESSON

MR. SANDOVAL was waiting for his son Manuel, with a small slat from an orange box in his hand. It was after six o'clock. There was a whistle, then a shout and a laugh, as Manuel greeted Carmen and Elena at the gate. The next moment he swung around the corner of the house.

"You did not go to the school today!" said Mr. Sandoval, shaking the stick.

"I went to the garage," said Manuel, as he tried to pass his father and go into the house.

"Tell me with whom you walk, and I'll tell you who you are!"¹ Why did we move from Phoenix to California except to get you away from the garage? Why did we sell the car, except that you should stop spending all your time fixing it? I will have you educated. I want you to be a lawyer, a doctor, a teacher—perhaps a statesman in your own country. And you spend all day with those laborers at the garage. Remember the proverb which says, 'He who walks with wolves, soon learns to howl.'"²

While their father was speaking, Carmen and Elena and even Carlos had quietly come in from the gate, and taken their position between him and Manuel.

"Manuel is a man, Papa," said Carmen. "Already he is sixteen. He has shame to be with the little boys and

¹ *Dime con quién andas, y te dire quién eres.*

² *El que con lobos anda, a aullar se enseña.*

girls in his grade. The Americans laugh, and the Mexicans too. He is so big. His time passed when he was in the beets."

"Yes," said Elena, who was in the same class with Manuel, "the seats in our room are so small! Almost it gives me desires to laugh when Manuel tries to crowd into them!"

But Manuel said simply, "I like automobiles."

"I shall not punish you," said Mr. Sandoval, "but you must go back to school."

Indeed this matter of school for Manuel was an old subject in the Sandoval family. The work in the garage at Phoenix had absorbed more and more of his time, and he had shown himself so handy at the work that finally he had dropped out of school altogether. Then the father ordered a move, and they settled down in a little town in southern California, where Mr. Sandoval had found work in the oranges.

And so the next day Manuel went back to school with the boys and girls who were not half his age; but every afternoon, as soon as he was free, he hurried to the town garage. He had no work there, but he just loved to watch the others, while his fingers itched to get hold of a wrench.

One afternoon he was watching a workman take up some bearings, and was doing little errands so he would not be ordered out of the garage, when a traveling salesman drove in. "Here you!" he called to the first man he saw, "see what's the matter with this engine, and make it snappy. I must be in San Bernardino in an hour."

"That engine sounds as if it needed new spark plugs, new rings, and reboring. It probably wouldn't hurt it to

have the carbon scraped and the valves ground. But we're too busy even to touch it today. We can't get out the work we have already promised."

Angrily the man threw the car into reverse and backed out. But Manuel was outside and in front of him as he turned to drive up the street.

"Your car may need all that man said," called Manuel as he jumped on the running board, "that I do not know. But I do know it needs something else he did not mention. The timing has jumped a cog. That make of car does just that sometimes. I've fixed lots of 'em. Here, pull over to the curb, and I'll show you."

"I'll give you a dollar if you're right," said the man, as Manuel began to look under the seat for the tools he needed. After five minutes of tinkering the engine was running perfectly.

"Here's your dollar," said the salesman as he hurriedly climbed into the seat. "I'd lose a hundred if I missed that appointment." And he drove furiously away, leaving a surprised boy clutching in his hand a dollar bill.

But the next afternoon the stranger was back. He drove up to the door of the garage and called to Manuel, who was loafing about one of the pits, "Hi, you there!" And Manuel went out and stood by the side of his car.

"Ever hear about Camp Juárez?" the man asked.

"Sure," said Manuel. "The minister at the mission told us about it in Sunday school. But a guy has to have a big brother."

"Well, I'm your big brother," said the man, as he slipped his car into gear. "You get ready to go, and I'll furnish the five dollars."

And so it came about that Manuel Sandoval went to

Camp Juárez. If you had asked him the first day what he liked best, he would have answered, "The eats!" Throughout his life Manuel had never really had all he wanted to eat. Often there had not been enough for everyone, and many nights he had gone hungry to bed. But of beans and meat and potatoes and bread and jam, there never seemed to be an end at Camp Juárez.

Of course, like any normal boy, he loved sleeping on the ground out of doors. And he liked the hikes and the games and the swimming. Even the inspection wasn't so bad, and once his tent had won the honor flag for neatness and orderliness. In the morning after inspection came the Bible study, followed by chapel.

But for Manuel the best time of the day was the camp-fire at night. It was built in the midst of a great bed of boulders, by the side of the stream. The flames chased the shadows up the great mountains which towered above, while the stars looked down out of a black sky.

At the camp-fire each tent in turn provided a stunt. When it came the time for Manuel's tent, he recited the story of Benito Juárez. "This camp is named for him," he said. "I'm going to tell you about him."

And so Manuel told the story of the great Liberator of Mexico; told it as he had learned it from Abuelita Sánchez under the live-oak tree in the park of his little home town in Mexico. Then while one of the other boys from the tent played the ukulele, he sang some of the Juárez songs which Abuelita had taught him.

When he had finished there was silence for a moment. Then one of the Mexican boys shouted, "Viva Juárez!" And "Viva Juárez!" shouted the whole camp.

That night, after taps, Manuel rolled over a couple of

times to where he could see the stars shining down upon the camp. The recital of the story of Juárez had warmed his heart. "Too bad I don't like school," he thought. "I can never be a lawyer or a judge. Father says I'll just be a garage man, and I guess he's right. Perhaps I've 'left the highway for the path.'"¹

Just then he felt a friendly hand on his head. "Manuel," said his tent leader, "taps have sounded, but I'll make it all right with the camp chief. Let's slip out where we can talk."

Carefully, so as not to disturb the others, they made their way out and down to some big boulders by the side of the stream.

"I liked your story about Juárez tonight," said the leader, "and I could tell by the way you told it that you liked it too. Wouldn't you like to do something for your people as he did?"

In the darkness Manuel drew a deep breath. "All my life I have wanted to be like Juárez," said he. "But I never can. My chance went by in the beets. Now I am too big for school. I can never be a lawyer, or a judge, or a statesman."

"What does your country need most of all, Manuel?" asked his leader. For a long time Manuel sat upon the big stone thinking.

"Is it lawyers or statesmen?"

"No!" at last exclaimed the boy. "It's farmers, and doctors, and nurses, and men who know about factories, and—and automobile mechanics," he added shyly.

"Just so," said the leader. "And what would you think of a school where you could learn to be the best sort of

¹ *Nunca dejes camino por vereda.*

an automobile mechanic—one who would know automobiles so well he could teach other boys in Mexico?" Manuel jumped to his feet.

"There is such a school, in El Paso," continued the leader.

Manuel gave his leader a real Mexican *abrazo*. "I'll go!" he exclaimed. "And I thought that to help Mexico you had to be a lawyer or a politician!"

Then Manuel told about the pig money which all the time had been saved for his education and which his father had always refused to spend. "It has grown during these years, for much of the time it has been in the bank. It will at least pay my fare to El Paso," he said happily.

A few nights later, the tables were turned. The last camp-fire was over. It had been a meeting the boys would never forget, when the camp chief had talked to them about the One who had called the fishermen by the sea.

Taps had sounded when Manuel crawled over and touched the tent leader. "Let's talk!" he said.

For a long time they sat by the side of the stream in silence. Then Manuel drew a deep breath and said, "Not Juárez now: Jesus!"

And the young American leader and the Mexican boy clasped hands in the darkness.

THE "GOD-WILL-PROVIDE" FUND

CARLOS SANDOVAL scrambled to his feet. The room was very crowded, and because there were so few chairs, he had been sitting upon the floor. It was hard to move among the people, but at last he stood before the little table where the minister had been preaching.

Then, while everybody looked on, he began to take things from his pocket. First there was a handkerchief, then some string, a top, a piece of an old door-lock, some marbles, and two big nails. These he held in his left hand, while with his right he continued to explore the depths of his pocket. And all the while the people waited and watched.

At last he produced seven copper cents, and laid them upon the table. "I want to help build a church," said he simply. Then, amid silence, the round-faced, black-eyed boy made his way back to his parents.

But the silence did not last for long. "Amen, praise the Lord!" said the minister. "Carlos is only seven and has earned his money shining shoes. Those of us who are older and earn more can do more. This is the beginning of the 'God-Will-Provide' Fund."

Then the collection plates were passed again. The meeting was being held in the Sandoval house, and all the rooms were crowded. So the plates were passed into the bedrooms, where the people were sitting on the beds, and into the kitchen, where they were sitting upon the

drain-board and even upon the stove—of course, there was no fire in the stove!

Everyone in the house had a chance to give, and when the money was counted, the seven cents had grown to be ninety-eight dollars.

Then, two weeks later, in the middle of the night, a terrible thing happened. There had been church as usual, with a crowded house. When the last person had gone, Mrs. Sandoval said happily, "Just think! So many people! And at first there were only the neighbors whom we invited in when we had our family prayers."

"Yes," said Carlos, "and when we get the new church there will be more."

Then Elena read aloud once more the letters which had come from Manuel and Carmen the day before. Manuel was in school in El Paso, while Carmen was in a mission school in Los Angeles, preparing to be a public health nurse among her own people. When the letters were finished, the children came to Mr. Sandoval for the blessing, and all went to bed.

Some time in the night Mr. Sandoval dreamed that he was fumigating oranges. Somehow or other he had got under the big canvas which is spread over the trees, and could not get out. He clawed at the canvas and tried to crawl under it, but all the while he felt he was being suffocated by the gas which is used to kill the scale on the trees. He was pulling at the bed-clothes, and he soon awakened Mrs. Sandoval. She shook him until he opened his eyes. The room was filled with smoke, in the midst of which could be seen flashes of fire.

"Quick!" cried Mrs. Sandoval. "You get Elena. I'll get Carlos. The whole world is burning up!"

Elena was in the other bedroom, while Carlos was on the couch in the front room. By the time Mr. Sandoval got back to the living room door, with Elena in his arms, the partition wall was in flames. Could his wife and Carlos get back to the bedroom on the other side?

Breathing a prayer, Mr. Sandoval turned back, and kicking out the window of Elena's room he set her upon her feet on the lawn. Then he rushed around to the other side of the house and hurled himself against the window of his own bedroom. The room was filled with smoke.

He called to his wife, and through the crackling of the flames came Carlos' voice: "Here, Papacito! Mama has fainted."

Crawling on his hands and knees so as to breathe the air near the floor, and guided only by Carlos' voice, Mr. Sandoval made his way to his wife and little son. Then Carlos helped his father drag his mother back to the window, where the neighbors lifted them all out upon the lawn to safety.

Thus burned the home of the Sandovals, and thus burned also the church. It was easy to find another house, but hard to find a place big enough for services.

And so the next Sunday the Mexican people met about the ruins of the Sandoval house. They could not have church at night, because there was no light; so they changed the time to the afternoon. The people sat or stood upon the lawn, and mingled with them were many Americans who had come to see what the Mexicans would do.

The pastor preached from the text, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." We all remem-

ber the story of how the children of Israel, when they were going to the Promised Land, came to the shores of the Red Sea, and God told Moses to command them to go forward, in spite of the sea before them.

At the close of his sermon the pastor, turning toward the ruins, said, "This is our Red Sea. Who will follow me and cross these ruins as the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea?"

Then he climbed up over the charred timbers and the twisted pipes, while all the people followed. It was their way of saying that they would conquer their obstacles with the help of the Lord.

After they had thus "crossed the Red Sea" the pastor told the story of Carlos and his offering. Again the plates were passed, this time among the Americans; and the seven cents which before had grown to ninety-eight dollars now grew to be more than three hundred.

And those seven cents kept on growing. The story was told in addresses and in missionary magazines, and people sent checks saying, "I want to help Carlos build that church." Finally a good woman gave the last of the money needed, and the church was built—a beautiful brick structure. Seven cents, by the blessing of the Master, had become ten thousand dollars.

At the day of the dedication the Mexican people were very grateful to the American woman who had made the final gift. They called her forward, and one of their number made a beautiful speech, and presented her with a bouquet of flowers. But she called Carlos to stand with her, and said, "I gave the last gift, but you gave the first. In God's sight I know that you gave more than I."

And all the people could not help saying, "Amen!"

THE LITTLE GRINGO¹

“**I**N California there is a lawn around every school-house,” said Elena Sandoval. “It’s as green as—” and she looked for something to make a comparison—“as green as a cactus!” Her eyes had fallen upon the stout row of prickly plants which surrounded the little schoolhouse. “The lawns are as level as a floor. And the roses and dahlias and geraniums,” she continued, as she patted the dirt around a little cosmos plant—“you just ought to *see* the beautiful flowers in California!”

“Stop talking about the United States of the north, and set out your plants,” exclaimed María López. “The bell will ring soon, and if they are not planted, your flowers will die. I’d like a pretty school garden here, and I don’t care what you had in your old California.”

Elena Sandoval had just returned with her father and mother and brother Carlos from the United States. Mr. Sandoval had worked in the beets in Colorado, in the cotton in Arizona, and in the oranges in California. He had learned much about modern methods of farming; and when he heard that Mexico was giving land to her citizens, he had returned to the town in which he was born. There he had a beautiful and prosperous little farm. Under a group of eucalyptus trees the Sandoval family lived, in a new white adobe house with a red tiled roof. And every week there came letters from Manuel and

¹ “Gringa” of course; but the feminine form of the noun hardly has acceptance in English.

Carmen, who had been left to study in mission schools in the United States.

Soon the bell rang, and the children left their work in the school garden and went back to their studies. "The history class will recite in half an hour," said the teacher. "You may now prepare yourselves."

Elena had to study very hard. In the United States she had done all her work in English, and it was difficult for her now to read in Spanish. Carefully she was spelling out the words of the history lesson, when María López nudged her in the ribs.

"Look!" she said. "See what it says about your California!" and she pointed with a finger which was none too clean after the work in the garden.

And Elena read. She read about what we call the Mexican War, which resulted in the loss to Mexico of about half her territory.

"Your California!" whispered María—"your California, with its lawns and its roses! The gringos sent their soldiers and stole it—they, without shame! I would never, never go to live in that robber nation."

In the lower corner of the school history there was a little picture of the American flag. María marked it out with a few fierce scratches of her pencil as she whispered, "I don't want it in *my* book!"

Elena blushed to the roots of her black hair. How many times during the six years she had stood upon green lawns and pledged her allegiance to that flag. "Why," she thought to herself, "I love that flag!" And then, with the feeling that perhaps she was disloyal, she said to herself, "But I love Mexico's flag too!"

When school was out, Elena and María became the

center of a very stormy group. "The Americans are not bad people," cried Elena. "Haven't I been there? Don't I know? You never met Miss Holt, who lives at Greeley. Once she sat up all night at our house taking care of Carmen when she was sick. Why, in California the Americans built us a church. And every week I get a letter from an American girl I like a lot better than I do you, María López!"

And then the group melted away from Elena. "You're nothing but an American yourself," stormed María. "You're just a little gringo!" And "Gringo! Gringo!" all the children cried as Elena ran down the path that led to her father's little farm. "The little gringo" became her nickname.

A few weeks later, Elena cried the whole story out upon her father's shoulder. "Why do there have to be these feelings between countries?" she sobbed. "I love Mexico, and I love the United States. And there are good people and bad people everywhere, and you don't get good just by being a Mexican, or bad just by being an American. In Colorado there were some boys and girls that called us 'little greasers,' and here they call me 'little gringo.' I want to go back to the United States of the north and go to school with Carmen!"

It was in the night schools of the United States that Mr. Sandoval had learned to read. For the most part his textbook had been the Bible, and ever since he had joined the church there had been a family altar in the Sandoval home. That night after his talk with Elena, he had the children learn the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth verses of the thirteenth chapter of John.

Patiently one morning, a few weeks later, Mr. Sando-

val spelled out the story of Lindbergh. The man who flew across the Atlantic was to fly without a stop from Washington to Mexico! Then Mr. Sandoval had his great idea.

Out by the little barn was a Ford truck which was the envy of the neighbors. Mr. Sandoval had planned to spend that day making a fence, but instead he worked with hammer and saw, building many seats upon the body of the truck.

The next day he had a talk with the school teacher, and one night she announced, "Tomorrow will be a holiday, for Mr. Sandoval is going to take us all in his truck to see Lindbergh, the American Lone Eagle!"

Such preparations! There were luncheons to be made ready, and dresses and suits to be washed, pressed and mended. No one slept very much. In fact, many of the boys and girls had never been to the capital city, and they were so excited that they were awake before daylight.

Once in California Elena had been "Columbia" in a little play in the mission church. Carefully she had preserved her little dress of red, white and blue, and she decided that she would wear it to the city in honor of Lindbergh. When she told her father, he bought red, white and blue bunting and decorated the truck, while on each side of the windshield he wired an American flag and a Mexican flag.

Very early in the morning the little truck, gaily decorated and crowded with boys and girls, bumped out over the rough country road. Then they came to the paved highway and glided along through the villages until at last they were in Mexico City.

It seemed as if everyone had come to the capital. The streets were jammed with people, while all the buildings were decorated with flags and bunting. Mr. Sandoval had planned to show the children something of the city, but the streets were so crowded, and they were all so afraid that they would not have a good place when Lindbergh came, that they went at once to the flying field.

Then they waited; and it was just like waiting for Christmas! Now and again somebody would call "There he comes!" while their necks ached with watching the sky. The children were so excited they forgot to eat their luncheon until long after one o'clock. And while they ate, it was a relief, for their necks seemed tied in kinks.

And then suddenly somebody called again, "*Ya viene!*" and this time it was really Lindbergh. The great silver ship, with "The Spirit of St. Louis" printed upon its side, circled the field several times to catch the wind, and then gracefully came to a stop. The people cheered, while a great crowd surged out upon the field. Then Lindbergh greeted the government officials, and was whirled away in an automobile with the American Ambassador.

As soon as the crowd thinned out, Mr. Sandoval took the children to see the city. He showed them the museum, with its great calendar stone, the palace, and the cathedral in the Zócalo; drove them out Juárez Avenue, where they all stopped before the monument to the Liberator. Then he showed them the statue of Independence in the Paseo de la Reforma, and finally took them to beautiful Chapultepec Park. The children visited the fountain of Cervantes, and the beautiful palace of the President of Mexico. Then, laughing and talking, they went back to the truck at the entrance to the park.

Suddenly the cry "Lindbergh! Lindbergh!" was raised, as a great car swept up to the gate. The crowd was so dense that the auto had to stop while the police made way for it to pass. There was much noise and waving of hats, and cries of "Viva Lindbergh!" and "Viva la república del norte!"

Then someone must have seen the truck with the school children about it, and the little black-eyed Elena dressed as Miss Columbia, for just as the big car stopped opposite the Sandoval party, Colonel Lindbergh bowed, lifted his hat, and smiled.

The car swept on into the park, while a hush fell upon the crowd.

"Good morning, Miss Columbia!" said a kind-faced American to Elena. Then smiling he continued, "Do you speak English?"

"Yes, sir," she said shyly. "I've been six years in the United States." And Maria added, in Spanish, "She's almost an American like you, Mister!"

Then the American was introduced to the teacher, and, with Elena as interpreter, heard all about the school in the little town in Tlaxcala.

While the children were chatting with the stranger, Mr. Sandoval was looking at him very intently. Finally he came forward, touched his hat, and said in English, "And so you have come from Denver to visit our country, sir?"

The man was surprised. "Yes," said he, "I do live in Denver, and am spending a vacation in your beautiful Mexico. But how did you know? Have you ever been in Denver?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sandoval slowly. "Years ago. In the court you were judge. You sent me out of town be-

cause you think I steal overalls. Your face, I remember it always. It make—what you say?—a beeg impression on me.”

The American dropped his head. Then, placing his two hands on Mr. Sandoval's shoulders, he said, “Can you forgive me for that? There was a gang of thieves working in Denver that winter—they were caught later. You were done a great injustice. I am sorry!”

And Elena, who was probably the only one who understood what had been said, remarked quietly, “We always knew he did not steal; now we are very content that you know it too.”

“My vacation is helping me to understand the Mexicans better,” said the American. “I am sorry I never knew your people before.”

Then Mr. Sandoval urged the judge to visit their little farm in Tlaxcala, giving him exact instructions as to the bus he should take, and promising to meet him in his truck.

Now the big auto had completed the circuit of the park, and as it swept up to the gate the cries of “Viva Lindbergh!” again were raised, while the crowd surged into the street.

As the Sandoval truck rolled out over the highway toward home, María put her arm about Elena.

“Isn't Lindbergh wonderful?” she sighed. “And so brave! I like him just as well as if he were a Mexican. And Elena,” she whispered, as she tightened her arm about the red, white and blue dress, “I won't call you ‘little gringo’ any more!”

CARMEN COMES HOME

THE engine of Mr. Sandoval's little truck panted and steamed and boiled. The hill was steep and the road was bad, for the spring rains had worn deep ruts in which lay many rocks that had fallen down from the side of the hill. At last the truck balked, just like a mule. Mr. Sandoval put on the emergency brake, but the car slowly slipped back. Then, with his foot pressed against the other brake, he and Carlos sat for a moment, watching the water boil out of the radiator cap.

They had been visiting a town far up in the mountains, where no missionaries had ever gone. Mr. Sandoval was not a missionary, but ever since his return from the United States, it had been his custom to visit the distant mountain villages, where he held little meetings in the homes of the people.

"Put a stone behind one of the rear wheels," said Mr. Sandoval to Carlos, "while I hold the car with the brake. Then I can get out and tighten the fan-belt. I think it is slipping."

Carlos climbed over the side of the truck and began looking for a large stone. Stones were not very hard to find in that road. Almost under the wheel was a large one, with sharp, jagged edges. Carlos tugged it into place, and then called, "All right, Papa!"

Then he noticed that there was a sharp point which might cut the tire, so he hurried to turn the stone. As he placed his arm about it, the brake was released. Then,

from his seat in front, Mr. Sandoval heard a sharp cry of pain, for the weight of the car had driven the jagged point deep into Carlos' wrist.

Out of the truck leaped Mr. Sandoval. Carlos was pinned fast between the tire and the stone, while upon the dust of the road spurted the bright red blood.

Mr. Sandoval was frantic. With one arm he caught Carlos, while he put his stout shoulder against the truck and pushed with all his might. The truck was of course too heavy to move, and Mr. Sandoval hardly knew what he was doing. The only thing he could think about was to free Carlos, so he began kicking at the heavy stone. As the stone slipped out, he rolled over upon the side of the road, with Carlos in his arms, while the truck rushed past them. It struck against a stone, lurched to the side of the road, ran off the edge, and rolled over and over until it jammed against a huge rock, forty feet below.

"Now we won't get home in time to meet Carmen!" cried Carlos. "The train will come, and we won't be there with the truck to take her home!"

But Mr. Sandoval was not concerned either with the truck which had been smashed or with his daughter Carmen, who was expected home the next day, a graduate from the nurses' course in the hospital. His whole concern was for Carlos. He knew nothing about physiology, for he had never been to school, but he did know that the rock had cut an artery, for the bright red blood was flowing in jets from the wound.

"This is where I have a chance to be glad I'm a Boy Scout," said Carlos, as with one hand he released his necktie. "Those people the government sent to our town last year did us lots of good. Here, Papa, tie the necktie

around my arm, so. That's right. Now take this stick, and twist."

Carlos was fast getting faint, but the tourniquet stopped the blood. In about twenty minutes, when the arm felt numb, Carlos showed his father how to release the twist, while the blood again spurted from the wound. "Little son, little son," exclaimed Mr. Sandoval, "you will bleed to death!" But Carlos told him how to turn and release the tourniquet from time to time.

But how should they get home? The truck was wrecked beyond hopes of repair, even if they could get it back upon the road, and they were many miles away, in a mountain district where there were few travelers. Carlos solved the question by jumping to his feet, and saying, "Come, Papa; we might as well be walking. There is no use waiting here for somebody to come."

"All right, Carlos," said his father. "You walk ahead. Do not try to go too fast, for it is a long way home." And so they trudged along the road, Carlos holding the tourniquet with his left hand. Whenever his arm began to feel numb, he stopped to release it, letting the blood flow once more.

The day was warm and the altitude was great, so that the stops became very frequent. They had walked about an hour when suddenly Carlos spun dizzily upon his heel. Mr. Sandoval leaped forward and caught the boy, who fell fainting in his arms. Carlos had lost too much blood.

Mr. Sandoval remembered that, a few moments before, they had passed a little spring by the side of the road; so placing Carlos in the shade of a tree, he ran back as fast as he could and filled his hat with the cool water.

When he returned, Carlos was already sitting up, rubbing his eyes.

"Just a little dizzy, Papa," he said. "Can I have a drink of that water?" Then, after drinking deeply, "Well, let's be on our way. We've lost enough time already."

"On our way, yes," said his father. "But you are going to ride on my back, the way you did when you were a little boy."

Carlos wanted to walk, but Mr. Sandoval insisted. And so, with the boy perched on his back, he trudged off mile after mile down the road. The blood dripped from the wounded wrist which rested upon his shoulder, wetting and matting his shirt in the front. Mr. Sandoval had worked hard all his life, and was used to carrying heavy burdens. But now he was getting older, and he found it necessary to stop often to rest. Secretly he wondered if he would ever get the boy home.

Carlos must have seen something of this in his father's face, for he said, "God will get us out of these mountains, Papa. He helped us in the United States of the north whenever we didn't have a job, and I'm sure he will help us now." But it was a very white-faced Carlos who said it.

It must have been about four o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Sandoval thought he heard the hoofs of a horse sounding out on the clear mountain air. Then, as the rider came nearer, the sounds grew plainer. Soon, around the bend in the road, they heard a woman's voice call, "*Arre mula!*" Someone was urging a horse that wanted to stop and eat grass by the road.

"*Una Americana!*" said Mr. Sandoval, as he noted the foreign accent in the voice. As horse and rider came into view he exclaimed, "The missionary, Miss Williams! Blessed be God!"

Miss Williams was indeed surprised to come upon the Sandovals in that lonely place, and in such great trouble. All the missionaries in that region knew the family, and often Miss Williams had stopped over night at their pretty little farmhouse. But now she did not waste any time in greetings. Hurriedly she examined Carlos' wrist and said, "I am afraid a bone is broken. Also Carlos has lost much blood. He must be taken to the hospital. I know a short footpath over the mountains which will bring us into Puebla. Come, we must go!"

She placed Carlos upon the horse, and they started upon their journey. The trail led along the side of a canyon, and then crossed the divide at an elevation of eleven thousand feet. Miss Williams led the horse, while Mr. Sandoval walked alongside to see that Carlos, in his weakened condition, did not fall off. Soon darkness came, and then Miss Williams took from her saddle-bags an electric flashlight, so that she could see the narrow trail. So on through the hours of the long night they made their way, stopping occasionally while Miss Williams released the tourniquet upon Carlos' arm.

At last, in the gray morning, they came to the edge of the city. Afterward Carlos remembered dimly that the hoofs of the horse sounded very strangely upon the cobblestones, after the soft pat, pat, pat, upon the earth of the trail. Then they came to the mission hospital, and Carlos knew no more.

A few days later he was well enough to be sitting in an

arm chair, out in the sunny *patio*. He was looking dreamily at a humming bird which was flitting from flower to flower, when a nurse came out and said in an important voice, "A visitor to see Mr. Carlos Sandoval."

But Carlos had no time for any questions, for almost immediately there was a rush across the *patio*, and his sister was on her knees, with her arms about him.

"Poor little fellow," Carmen exclaimed, as she covered his face with kisses, "so pale and so thin! But he's going to be well soon, the doctor says so. And listen, Carlos! I'm going to stay home now. I'm to be a government nurse in our town, and the doctor says I can take you home."

"Did Papa tell you the truck was smashed?" asked Carlos, as two big tears rolled out of his eyes and down his cheeks.

"Don't you worry about that old truck," said Carmen. "I'll help Papa buy a new one, for I'm going to earn a salary now. And Mr. Scott is waiting outside with his car to take us home."

So Carlos was wrapped up in a warm robe and taken out to the auto, where Mr. Scott the missionary was waiting. They made the journey by the longer, paved road, and as Carlos walked up the drive through the door of the little adobe farmhouse, he saw the table set for a party. There was snowy white linen, with napkins in fancy Mexican drawn-work, and by each place Elena had put a red geranium blossom. What with Carlos and Carmen both being home at the same time, and the news of the journey to hear, and the story of the accident to repeat, there was hardly time for the meal.

"My, but it's good to get back home again," said Car-

men, as they drew back their chairs. "I was afraid you might move before I got here. You know I don't like jumping beans!"

"And it's good to have you home again, little daughter of my soul," said her mother. "Soon Manuel will be coming too. He says he wants to start an automobile school right here in our town. Such grand ideas he has!"

"Well, perhaps he *could* start a school," said Mr. Sandoval. "One of the men of the cultural mission told me about Dr. Moises Saenz. He was once just a poor boy like Manuel, but he went to a mission school here in Mexico. Now he is Sub-Secretary of Education, and is building schools all over the country. I guess if Dr. Saenz can build thirty-five hundred schools, our Manuel could build just one."

"What was that Carmen said about not liking jumping beans?" asked Carlos. "Everybody knows you can't eat them."

Mr. Sandoval smiled at his wife, and she said, "When you were a very little boy in the United States we used to live in a tent and travel from place to place in an old auto. One day you were sick and Carmen annoyed her father very much by saying we were Mexican jumping beans. But now I never want to move again."

"No, never!" said Elena. "Instead of hunting a better place to live in, we'll make this one a better place!"

Part II: THE COURSE

By

MABEL LITTLE CRAWFORD

PLAN AND POINT OF VIEW

The stories included in the course tell about a Mexican Indian family who leave Mexico to become migrant agricultural laborers in the southwestern and western parts of the United States. The stories are presented so that boys and girls of junior age may learn something of the everyday life and background of "the people next door," something of the aspirations and ideals which impel them to emigrate to the United States, and of the difficulties of their life in this country. As a nation we have neglected to study our neighbors, and it is often because we know so little about them that we may dislike or be indifferent to them. If boys and girls can know something of Mexico and Mexicans, something of the geography of the country and the history of the people, if they can catch a glimpse of the personality and interests of Mexicans today, they will have greater respect for the Mexican people as a nation and will feel more friendly toward them as individuals. It is also hoped that through this course the boys and girls will come to feel something of the obligation that rests upon the people of the United States for the education, intellectually and spiritually, of Mexicans who come to live among us, and particularly for the welfare and happiness of the children.

The course deals with large questions, on which a great deal of thinking is being done by intelligent people, and about which even they feel uncertainty, disagreement, and

the need for constant study and inquiry. Obviously the aim of such a course is not to furnish children of nine, ten, and eleven with ready-made opinions on social or economic problems, but rather to make them conscious that there *are* problems, that there are two sides to the problems, and that Christianity ought to have something actively to do with the solution of any problem that affects the lives of human beings.

Besides facing main questions, the course seeks to give a few elementary facts bearing on the question of Mexican immigration into the United States. It concerns itself chiefly with what happens to the children of the Mexicans who come to work as migrant laborers among our crops. It seeks to show how inadequate the laws often are to protect children, and how, even when there are laws, their purpose may be defeated by carelessness or indifference or circumstance. For instance, in sections which have seasonal crops where migrant laborers stay only a few weeks or months, the community can meet the educational needs of the children only by adding greatly to a staff inadequate for other than usual demands, or by greatly overworking the present teachers, or by urging teachers to give major attention to migrant children—a course which might automatically retard the progress of the others. Even if children of migrant laborers did go to school in each community in which their parents worked, what progress could be expected of children who must enter a new school every few months and make new adjustments with teachers and pupils—indeed, with a whole community? This is only one example of the number of factors which enter into the treatment of a concrete social problem, and which the leader must take into ac-

count in studying such a problem herself and in presenting it to the group.

Emphasis in teaching the course should be centered on Mexicans in the United States rather than on Mexicans in general. Under existing laws Mexicans are coming into this country more rapidly than any other racial or national group. No longer are they confined to the border states, but, through the various occupations for which low-paid labor is sought, are extending into the East and North. In every part of the country there are junior boys and girls who may have direct contact with Mexicans. Our study should develop in them an attitude based on sympathy and understanding. The problem is equally vital for boys and girls who do not have this direct contact. To arouse a desire to become real friends and to help make conditions better should be the leader's goal.

It is understood that the course may be used in Sunday or in week-day classes or in church vacation schools. It is obviously impossible to plan a single program which will fit them all. The program should be elastic enough so that suggestions brought out by the group can be used, and any undertaking receive the time necessary for completion. Frequently more is gained through conversation around the work table than in the more formal instruction period. Juniors will enjoy a final program which they themselves help to plan, and which may take the form of an exhibit of their own handwork and of Mexican articles.

The programs include a pre-session period given over to the playing of Mexican games and to music, chiefly the singing of hymns, and to a short memory exercise; and a session period, that includes informative talks by the

leader leading up to the story, discussion by the group, concrete activities, and a service of worship. Provision has been made so that the leader's talk may bring out the geography of Mexico and incidents connected with its history. Suitable material for this has been worked into the given programs, and further material is indicated in the bibliography.

Because of the necessary use of foreign words unknown and difficult to pronounce, a brief word drill has been introduced in the individual sessions and placed just before the story so that there will be no need for interruption in its telling. In addition there will be found a summarized Glossary on page 142. It is not desired that any leader shall pretend to have learned Spanish for the course, but rather that she shall explain that she herself is taking first lessons with the boys and girls for pleasure and information.

MATERIALS NEEDED FOR THE COURSE

Before beginning the course it is well to consider what materials will be needed. The following list offers a minimum of such materials:

Objects showing something of the life of the Mexicans, such as costumes, blankets or *sarapes*, *rebozos*, pottery, carefully selected curios, etc.

Pictures: showing life among Mexicans at home or in the United States; of Lindbergh and Carranza; of Juárez and other Mexican patriots; of the President of the Mexican Republic and of any other character that will help in an appreciation of the ideals of the present government; of ruins of ancient civilizations (see bibliography for list of the *National Geographic* and other sources featuring

such materials); of missionary work among Mexicans (settlement houses, houses of neighborly service, churches, schools, hospitals, etc.); of cultural missions, and of anything else having to do with educational work in Mexico.

If one is on the lookout, pictures may be secured from many different sources. For instance, the *Ladies' Home Journal* for May, 1929, has pictures of Aztec and Mayan ruins. The *Saturday Evening Post* has had several illustrated articles recently on ancient Mexico, and the roto-gravure and other sections of newspapers often have excellent pictures of ancient ruins as well as of various phases of modern life.

Maps: of the United States and Mexico.

Flags: a United States flag; a Mexican flag (a Mexican flag 4 x 6 inches may be purchased from Annin and Company, 85 Fifth Avenue, New York); a Christian flag.

Phonograph and records. There are several records of Mexican music available. The Department of Education of Mexico has had a special record made as part of their return gift to the children of the United States in response to the Friendship School Bag project. Words and music of the song and the number of the record may be obtained from the Committee on World Friendship Among Children, 289 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Stereopticon views: of Mexican life, and of missionary activities with Mexicans in the United States.

Mexican coins. Examples of Mexican coins could well be obtained through a bank. An account can be introduced anywhere in the course concerning the coinage system of the United States in its relation to Spanish and Mexican money. Both the United States dollar and the Mexican dollar derive from the Spanish "pieces-of-eight,"

as the coins representing eight $12\frac{1}{2}$ -cent units, the equivalent of the dollar, were called in colonial days. It has been said that part of the design on the first U. S. silver dollar was derived from the design on a Mexican coin. Any encyclopedia or history of currency will furnish major facts on this subject of coins, which always fascinates children.

Miscellaneous: It is understood that such tools as drawing paper, crayons, scissors, paste, pencils, blackboards, chalk, etc., will be provided.

ACTIVITIES

After their interest has been aroused by story and discussion, the boys and girls will wish to do something active. Plans for this are offered, or, what is better, leader and group may arrange others adapted to their own situation. There may be work to do in the immediate neighborhood which more than anything else would make the study valuable. The home and foreign mission boards have definite and concrete activities which appeal to boys and girls. Write to them for suggestions for ways in which your group may contribute to work in Mexico, and for Mexicans in the United States.

The following group activities would add interest to the study:

Making a Map

The twenty-eight states of Mexico could be blocked in in color on a map, and important cities located. On page 145 is shown a small map which some junior might be able to enlarge so that the whole class could work on it; or it might be copied and included in the individual

scrapbooks. Much interesting information about the geography of Mexico can be introduced by way of a map project, or the children may be referred to geographies.

The journeys of the Sandovals may be traced on a large map to carry out the picture map idea. The territory traveled over could be indicated, and in addition the children might like to denote local happenings. For instance, the first story could be reflected in a drawing of the bandits, or of the little house, or of the pig. The second story might suggest a picture at the birthplace of Juárez (see map), and the third story, the ruins at Teotihuacán.

Making Notebooks

Notebooks may be made by the group in any of three shapes: an oblong one, which might be colored to represent a Mexican blanket (*sarape*) folded in the center; one in the shape of a big chili pepper, colored bright red; one in the shape of a Liberty Bell, since the Mexicans, like ourselves, have a Liberty Bell, which they ring every year on September 15, the anniversary of their independence from Spain. The group will make their own choice of what to put in the notebooks. The girls might like to make colored pictures of their own homes or of other homes in America, and of our ways of living or traveling, with brief written descriptions. A notebook which would contain pictures and written descriptions of some of the famous remains of the ancient Mexican civilizations might be made and kept as a record for the group itself.

Writing Letters

Junior boys and girls like to go to sources for information. The group should appoint members to write to

organizations for information regarding child labor among Mexicans in the United States (address given on p. 86), and to the mission boards for information regarding work in Mexico or among Mexicans in the United States. If this can be done early in the course, answers should be received before the close. When the answers come, they should be read and discussed, even if some other work has to be set aside. The information received may not be possible to utilize in the course itself, but it may form the stimulus for some definite service or gift, and for the offerings in the junior department of the church school. Indeed one of the purposes of a course of this type is to show what missions can do and are doing, concretely and definitely, so that the offering may have a quickened significance and educational value. If this interest can be made to carry over into the work of the junior department, the boys and girls will desire to give their money for work among the migrant laborers, to provide recreation and friendliness for newcomers to the United States, to support cultural missions in Mexico. This interest and desire to help will continue long after the definite course with its stories of the Sandovals has been finished. If this result is to follow in instances where the course has not been carried on as a part of the church school, there must be a close understanding and sympathy between the leader of the course and the superintendent of the department.

Making a Mexican Village

If this is done with the use of a Milton Bradley cut-out it will attract the younger members of the group. Those who can do more advanced work should be able to

invent methods of featuring Mexican life. A Mexican flag, home-made or purchased, might fly over the village, and, where possible, desert plants added for local color. When completed the village might be presented to a Mexican kindergarten, or kept as an exhibit in the junior room.

Preparing a Mexican Meal

Any such project as this has the value that it helps to break down food prejudice, one of the most rooted and universal of all prejudices, the scientists tell us, characteristic of children and adults, of savage and civilized. The menu of this Mexican dinner should feature tortillas and frijoles. If there are Mexicans in the neighborhood, they might be the invited guests, and a Mexican woman among them requested to direct the cooking.

Dramatization

Many of the stories lend themselves admirably to dramatization. After the leader has studied them she should choose the ones she feels can be used best. If the group itself sees possibilities for dramatization, they should work out details—the number of scenes and characters, costumes if any, etc.

SERVICE ACTIVITIES

Reference is made in the stories to several phases of mission work. Institutional churches, church settlement houses, houses of neighborly service, the work of individual missionaries, the building of churches for special groups, are all mentioned. The leader will need to get into touch with her mission board a sufficient time in ad-

vance so that she will have definite information regarding the work. Whenever possible, pictures showing missionary activities should be secured and should be displayed at the session where they are mentioned. Additional investigation may be done by the boys and girls, but the initial steps should be taken by the leader. In addition to the work done by denominations separately, interdenominational work among migrant laborers is carried on by the Council of Women for Home Missions, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

SUMMARY OF PREPARATION TO BE MADE BY THE LEADER

The following list includes some of the things the leader, in addition to studying the entire course carefully before beginning to teach, will need to do well in advance of the first session.

1. Find out whether there are Mexicans living in your community. If there are, what is their usual employment? What are their living conditions? Is anything being done to help them make their adjustment to their new environment? If possible, get acquainted with some of the mothers and children. Arrange to have them visit your group. Seek ways in which the children may manifest friendship and good-will.

2. Write to the National Child Labor Committee, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for information about child labor, particularly regarding work in the beet fields and in other occupations where Mexican children are employed. Find out about provision for school privileges for the children of migrant laborers.

3. Find out what work your own denomination is car-

rying on among Mexicans in the United States. Write for this to your own home mission board.

4. Find out what interdenominational work is being carried on with migrant laborers, particularly Mexicans. Write to the Council of Women for Home Missions.

5. Find out what the Mexican government is doing to establish more and better schools. Get information regarding rural schools, education of parents, and cultural missions carried on in agricultural sections. For this write to Dr. Moises Saenz, Sub-Secretary of the Department of Education, Mexico City, Mexico. Put a two-cent stamp on your letter and enclose an addressed envelope.

6. Borrow from the library books giving background on Mexico, modern and ancient (see bibliography). If you do not have access to a library, buy at least one book. Probably *That Mexican* will be the most useful single book you can secure.

7. Look up and if possible borrow the *National Geographic* magazines listed in the bibliography for information and pictures of Mexico's ancient civilization. Back numbers of this magazine are sometimes offered for sale in second-hand bookshops.

8. Be on the lookout for the return project of the Mexican school children—their answer to the sending of the Friendship School Bags by the children of the United States. These gifts, which will take the form of exhibits of the principal arts and products of Mexico, with specimens of work done in the schools, are to arrive in this country in the winter of 1930. There will be an exhibit for each state. Try to arrange an opportunity for your group to see these symbols of the friendship and good-will

of the children of Mexico for the children of the United States.

9. Acquaint yourself with what the word Mexican really means. In the geographical and political division we call Mexico there are many types of people, varying from the humblest peons to the members of an exceedingly proud and old aristocracy. Contrasts of racial background, of educational opportunities, of culture, of standards of living, could not be greater than those which are found in Mexico. Try to think of the Mexican Indian population, submerged as it has been for centuries, beginning to stir with a new race consciousness, with the desire for political freedom, with an intense love for and desire to claim as their own the very soil of the land which they feel rightly belongs to them. Then try to answer the question, What is a Mexican?

10. Put yourself in the place of the Mexican emigrant setting out, as our Anglo-Saxon pioneers did, for a new country, one which will afford greater opportunities, intellectual and spiritual as well as material, for himself and his children. Does the United States provide the sought-for country?

SESSIONS I AND II

The leader will note that two sessions appear to have been thrown together here at the opening of the course. This approach has been made in the knowledge that considerable material is needed, and has here been offered, for beginning a study of Mexicans in the United States. If the period is long it might be possible to crowd the material into one session, but in a period lasting not more than an hour this would hardly be possible. It would be a great mistake to begin telling the stories before the way had been paved by the presentation of facts necessary to children's understanding and provocative of their interest. After studying the material as a whole, the leader should assemble or divide it according to the circumstances in which the work will be done.

Materials needed. See page 80.

Story used. "The Pig." (Page 3.)

Pre-session period.

Music. Mexican march, perhaps on phonograph. Favorite hymns of the group, to include O Zion, Haste; This Is My Father's World; In Christ There Is No East or West (tune Ortonville).

The following three stanzas of Heralds of Christ (found in *Hymnal for American Youth*, or the tune alone in the National Hymn, *Methodist Hymnal*) are suggested as a hymn to be memorized during the course. As an approach, speak of the building of the old Roman roads

in Italy, in Britain, and in Palestine, the remains of which are used today. Jesus walked on some of the old Roman roads as he journeyed in Galilee and Judea.

Heralds of Christ who bear the King's commands,
Immortal tidings in your mortal hands,
Pass on and carry swift the news ye bring,
Make straight, make straight the highway of your King.

Through desert ways, dark fen and deep morass,
Through jungles, over seas and mountain pass,
Build ye the road, and falter not nor stay,
Prepare across the earth the King's highway.

Lord, give us faith and strength the road to build,
To see the promise of the day fulfilled,
When war shall be no more and strife shall cease
Upon the highway of the Prince of Peace.

Comment. The highways of our country, such as the Lincoln Highway, the Oregon Trail, the Santa Fé Trail, are built on the old paths of the pioneers. An automobile highway is being planned from the United States to Mexico City which will probably follow the old trail used by the first Indian settlers over a thousand years ago.

Talk over the different routes and ways of traveling it would be possible to use in going from the place where you live to Mexico City. Trace Lindbergh's flight thither from Bolling Field, Washington, D. C. Make the point that there exists now a regular mail plane service between the two countries.

Descriptive talk. Encourage the group to tell what they may have heard as to who the ancient inhabitants of Mexico were.

Scholars have known for a long time that many of our plants and animals found their way over a former land con-

nection between Asia and Alaska. Now they believe that the earliest men came that way also. Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, who is making excavations in the Gobi Desert in Mongolia (you all know, of course, where Mongolia is), believes that Gobi was the home of primitive man, and that it was from there that the first Indians came. He believes that they very, very slowly made their way down the Pacific Coast, and after many centuries finally reached Mexico. The Cliff Dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico may have belonged to the same group. It has been pointed out that the Indians of the United States may have been stray bands which wandered off from the others. There seem to have been three principal migrations, called by the names of the strongest tribes in each, the Mayan, the Toltec, and the Aztec. The Mayan tribes made their homes in the southern states of Mexico and in Yucatan. Next time we shall tell more about these tribes. [Use maps to point out the various places mentioned.]

A very important thing indeed that you will want to know is something about the people. The people who live in Mexico are chiefly descendants of the Spanish, or of the Indians who were the native population before the Spanish conquerors came. From that day—four hundred years ago—the Spanish have always been the ruling class in Mexico, and the Indians, so to speak, the under dog. There has been no strong feeling among the Spanish that these Indians, who make up the great masses of the people, have any real right to attain the advantages and privileges they themselves enjoy. For example, they have never had a public school system which would admit every child to a school, no matter who he was or how poor his parents might be. Recently, however, a new influence has been at work among those who have held the power of government, and the leaders have shown themselves eager to establish public schools. Naturally it is a most difficult task. For one thing, it requires a great deal of money. But it requires most of all what is called a stable government, a government that is founded on a state of peace and on processes of law, not on frequent revolutions

and quarrels among leaders for power. Many Mexican people who have new ideas of independence and progress for their country become restless and want to take things into their own hands. Sometimes it is they who make the revolutions; and when we use the word bandit, as we do so often when we speak of revolutionists in Mexico, we should remember that some of these outlaws are earnestly seeking the welfare of their country, even though they may be mistaken. The Mexican family we shall become acquainted with is not a Spanish family but an Indian family.

Introducing the story. Today we shall have the first of a series of stories about this family and their adventures, adventures which took place first in their own country and then in the United States. There are some things you may like to know in order to understand the story.

One is about Mexican money. In Mexico the unit is, as it is here, the dollar, or peso, worth about fifty cents in our money. The centavo is about half a cent, and is combined in coins resembling nickels and dimes. (See page 81.)

Word drill. There are also some Mexican words used in the story that we should stumble over if we didn't know how to pronounce them. I have written them on the blackboard. Let us repeat them together, saying them as well as we can.

Texcoco—tās-ko'ko

Papacito—pā-pā-see'to

hacienda—ā-sē-ān-dā

Sandoval—sān-dō-vāl'

tortilla—tor-tee'ya

aguey—māg-gā' (u silent)

ocotillo—o-kō-tee'yo

Perezoso—per-ā-sō-sō

[For meanings see Glossary, page 142.]

Telling the story. For the inexperienced story teller it is advisable to have well in mind, even to the point of memorizing an opening and closing paragraph, exactly how the story is to be begun and how it is to be ended. It is sometimes a help to make an outline of the story.

After the story. When Manuel first started to drive the burro, he thought him very slow, so he named him El

Perezoso—the lazy one. Later his sister Carmen shortened that to Zoso.

The group will probably want to discuss the reason Manuel had to go so far to school, and the reason there are few rural schools in Mexico. The leader should be prepared with some knowledge of the latest plans of the new government for developing education (see page 143). The method of the bandits should stimulate an interesting discussion. Why does Mexico have so many bandits? Are there other means of bringing about results?

Activities. Present several possibilities of work from those listed on pages 82-86 and from suggestions previously gained from your own mission board. Let the group discuss and decide which they would like to undertake, and take some definite step as a beginning. It will be understood that some of the listed activities, or others decided upon by the group, will become a part of the program for each session. Where an additional activity is noted in a subsequent session it is because of some special appropriateness. The two types of activities, general and service, should be carried on simultaneously, and to some degree will reinforce each other.

The group might now have a discussion as to whether there are Mexicans in the neighborhood and how to get in touch with them.

Worship.

HYMN. Holy, Holy, Holy; In Christ There Is No East or West.

SCRIPTURE. *Luke 13: 29.* The leader may suggest that she read the verse twice and the others repeat it with her.

The nations nearest to our own might be named and listed on the board.

HYMN. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

PRAYER. Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for all the people who are living and working in thy world. We pray thy blessing upon our brothers and sisters everywhere; in Mexico, in America, in all other countries. We know thou lovest and carest for all alike, and we desire to give of our strength and love wherever people need it. And may thy kingdom come, the kingdom of love and friendship and justice for all. In Jesus' name. Amen.

BENEDICTION. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with us and with all the children of men. Amen.¹

RECESSIONAL.

¹ From *Manual for Training in Worship*, Hartshorne.

SESSION III

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "Stories in the Plaza." (Page 10.)
For alternative narrative to be substituted for the one on page 12 (beginning "As soon as the old woman," etc.), see "The Sick Family," page 138.

Pre-session period.

Mexican games. See page 132.

Music. Hymns to include: America, the Shouts of War Shall Cease (*Hymnal for American Youth*); These Things Shall Be; God of Our Boyhood Whom We Yield; O Son of Man Who Madest Known.—Phonographic records of Mexican music (see bibliography).—Continue learning Heralds of Christ.

Descriptive talk. Review the material presented in the last session. Mention again, or draw from the children, the names of the three ancient tribes, Mayan, Toltec, and Aztec.

One of the most interesting spots in the whole of North America is in Yucatan [show map]. There lies, half buried, one of the greatest monuments of antiquity. The Mayas built these monuments, and until we learn how to read their language we shall not know when they lived there, nor very much about them. Not only in Yucatan but in the other southern states of Mexico there exist ruins of the old Mayan cities. Many of these have been found accidentally by men from the United States who have been looking for nothing more than chicle, the basis of chewing gum. Those who first

come upon these relics report their findings to scholars, who visit the ruins and try to find a way to read their secrets. The beautiful architecture found in these ruins is being copied by architects, so that now there are buildings in many parts of the United States which are adaptations of the Mayan. The Mayas reached a higher stage of civilization than any of the other Indian tribes.

The Toltecs wandered around, settling for a time in one place and moving on again until they came to the beautiful Valley of Mexico [locate on map]. The Toltecs built extensive cities, and that is how they got their name—the Builders.

The Aztecs were the conquerors of the Toltecs, and like them they had wandered down from the north. This tribe believed that their god had told them, while they were at the Seven Caves, to go on until a sign was given, indicating where they were to settle and build a great nation. After many centuries they saw this sign in the Valley of Mexico; an eagle swept down from the sky, snatched a snake in its beak, and settled on a nopal cactus to eat its prey. The gods, said the Aztecs, meant their city to be built here, and though it was on an island in the lake and very swampy, they started a city. They built causeways to the mainland, made canals to direct the water, built dykes to keep it from overflowing, and drove piles on which to build their homes. They never left this city, and their descendants live there today. People call it Mexico City, and it is one of the most beautiful cities in America, if not in the world.

Introducing the story. The Mexicans have an intense love of their beautiful country and of their old legends and heroes. Very many of the Mexicans cannot read or write, but they love to listen to the old legends which are passed down from generation to generation through the village story teller. We are about to hear the stories that an old Indian woman, by name Abuelita Sanchez, is telling to the Sandoval children. Again we shall want to look at some words she will use, and say them out loud together,

Word drill.

Abuelita—ä-bwā-lē'tā

Conchita—cōn-chē'tā

Netzahucoyotl—

net-zā-wā-cō-yōtl'

Oaxaca—o-ä-hä'kā

Mamacita—mä-mä-sē-tā

Benito Juárez—

bā-nē-tō hoo-ä'rās

plaza—plā'sā

petate—pā-tā'tā

Juan Pirulero—

whän pē-ru-lā'ro

Telling the story.

After the story. For what god was the temple built by the poet-king? What did the inscription say? Do you know of any other people who ever built an altar to an unknown god? [Acts 17: 22-23.] The Mayas have been called the Greeks of the New World because in their genius for government and for architecture they resembled the ancient Greeks. What is Manuel still longing to do? How do you know he is still thinking about going to school?

Activities. Start on the projects decided on at the previous session.

Notebooks. If the boys and girls have brought materials for notebooks or games, have these shown and passed upon as to fitness.

Dramatization. Boys and girls who are accustomed to informal dramatization at school will enjoy developing such a dramatization from this story, or the leader may suggest the following scenes.

Scene 1. Outside the Sandoval home. Elena runs into the house, calling Carmen and Manuel. Father comes out with the children and gives each a penny.

Scene 2. The plaza. Abuelita Sanchez is seen with a crowd of children. The Sandovals with neighbors hurry up the street.

MANUEL: Will you do us the great favor of telling us a story about Benito Juárez?

ABUELITA: Which story would you like to hear?

A CHILD: The one about when he was a little boy, and about the man he went to live with, and about the cows.

ABUELITA: [Tells of Juárez' boyhood as related in the story.]

MANUEL: Now tell us how you and your husband helped the great Juárez to escape. I think that is the best story of all.

ABUELITA: [Tells the alternative story.]

At the end the children drop pennies in the tin cup and run off, shouting, "Let's play 'Hide-the-strap!'" "Let's play 'The Little Figures!'"

Worship.

HYMN. Day Is Dying in the West, if an evening service; otherwise the refrain only.

SCRIPTURE. It is interesting to us to know that both in the Old World and the New World there were men who felt that there must be a greater god than their people yet knew, and who built an altar "To an Unknown God." When Paul was in Athens he saw this altar. Then he talked to the people and told them about the one God, who is the Creator of us all. It was at this time that he said [read *Acts* 17:22-28]. And the people, when he had finished, said to him, "We will hear thee concerning this yet again" [verse 32^b].

PRAYER. Our dear Heavenly Father, we thank thee that thou art not an unknown God to us; we thank thee that we are beginning to know thee; we thank thee that Jesus told us of thy great love for us all. Help us to show our gratitude by being more thoughtful and loving to those around us. We remember that thou hast made of one family all the nations of men upon this earth. In Jesus' name. Amen.

HYMN. The Doxology.

BENEDICTION. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with us and with all the children of men. Amen.

SESSION IV

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "The Letter from Colorado." (Page 17.)

Pre-session period.

Music. Hymns to include: I've Found a Friend; Tell Me the Stories of Jesus; I Would Be True. The first two stanzas of Heralds of Christ should have been learned by the close of this session.

Descriptive talk. The legend of Quetzalcoatl, the Feathered Serpent.

Quetzalcoatl is a hard word for us to say, isn't it? But we can easily learn it. Another hard word will come later in the story—Huitzilopochtli. Shall we learn this one, too? [Consult page 100.]

You have heard how the Toltecs built large cities and were called the builders. Who can tell something about the Aztecs conquering the Toltecs? The Toltecs thought that one reason for their downfall was their treatment of the god Quetzalcoatl.

This god came to them from the east. He took the form of a man who had a white skin and long beard, and who was dressed in flowing white robes. He lived with them in Tollan, their capital, for twenty years, and was most wise and kind. The days he dwelt with them were days of peace and happiness. The legends tell that during this time the seasons were fairest and the earth most productive, the flowers bloomed and the fruits ripened without man's effort. The cotton in the pods turned to different colors of its own accord, and was easily woven into the most beautiful fabrics.

The air was filled with perfume and the songs of birds. Best of all, every man loved his neighbor, and all dwelt in peace.

Now the Toltecs had been sacrificing human beings to their sun-god, Huitzilopochtli. Earnestly Quetzalcoatl tried to persuade them to stop making sacrifices of human beings, and to offer flowers and fruits in their ceremonies instead. Many of the people were glad to change, but others began to murmur against Quetzalcoatl and finally drove him out. They did not know he was a god. He went to Cholulu, the sacred city, and lived there, teaching the people, as he had taught those in Tollan, to make pottery, to weave, to carve stone, and to do feather work. At the end of twenty years he was driven from Cholulu and departed as he had come, going into the east but saying that some day he would return.

The people did their best to preserve Quetzalcoatl's memory. On the top of the huge pyramid at Cholulu they erected an image of him. But the Golden Age of the Toltecs had gone forever, and they waited in vain for the return of the god. When the Spaniards came to Mexico, they found this image. It was described by them as a huge figure having ebony features (although the face was white), a mitre with waving plumes on the head, a gold collar, turquoise earrings, in one hand a jeweled sceptre, a shield in the other. The Spaniards destroyed the image.

Introducing the story. We are about to meet the Sandovals again. Will you each name one member of the family? Let us find their home on the map. It is east from Mexico City in the state of Tlaxcala.

Word drill. Review some of the words used in previous sessions, and add:

Huitzilopochtli—	Quetzalcoatl—ket-zāl-kō-ätl'
wheat-sill-ō-pocht'lee	sarape—sä-rä'pā
Teotihuacán—tā-ō-tē-wā-kān'	

Telling the story.

After the story. Would you think the Sandovals would do well to go to Colorado? What were the advantages in going? In staying at home? What does the Mexican government think about Mexican laborers leaving Mexico for the United States? What does the United States government think about their coming? What is best for themselves? It is hard to decide that; let us think about these things and talk of them again before we finish the course. Here are some facts you will like to know.

From fifteen to twenty-five thousand people from the United States are now in Mexico. Over a million and three-quarters of Mexicans are in the United States, and the number is constantly increasing. Almost all of these people are working for cheaper wages than their employers would have to pay Americans for doing the same work. That is one reason why those interested in keeping up the standard of living in the United States are not in favor of letting so many Mexicans come in. But employers who need extra help in the fields for short seasons when the crops are ripe do want them to come in. As for the Mexican government, it is against having great numbers leave Mexico. It believes the country needs to keep the people so that they may be taught to help in the progress of Mexico.

When people from a different climate, with different habits of living, come into another country there is always the danger that the diseases common in their country will be brought with them. There have been epidemics in our Southern states that could be traced to the tropical diseases the germs of which the Mexicans, without knowing it, have brought in. We have been responsible for the same thing when people from the United States have gone into the country of the Eskimos, and into the settlements of our own Indians, and introduced living habits not adapted to their ways, and tuberculosis and measles and other diseases have followed in our wake. It is hard to understand these scientific facts, and we need not go into them here. The thing for us to remember is that when people disagree about whether a thing like Mexican immigration is wise or unwise,

we should ask both sides for facts, and do some thinking of our own. Usually people who are willing to venture into a new country are energetic and ambitious, and this should make us glad to welcome them. Very often they are moved by high ideals and hopes of what they will find in our country. This gives us a great opportunity to help make their best thoughts of us come true.

The group may come back to the question of Mexican immigration as they acquire additional information. For guidance as to point of view, refer again to page 77.

Activities. See pages 82-86.

One or more scenes from today's story may be dramatized. The following are suggested:

Scene 1. Women washing. Carmen comes running with a letter. Conversation as in the story.

Scene 2. At the postoffice. The Postmaster, Mrs. Sandoval, Carmen. The Postmaster reads letter, then tells Mrs. Sandoval whom it is from and something of its contents. After Mrs. Sandoval learns that the letter is from her brother, she constantly makes exclamations, such as "God guard him," "God protect him."

Scene 3. At the pyramid. Guide tells of the god for whom the pyramid was built. Manuel tells of Quetzalcoatl, the priest who did not believe in human sacrifice. End scene with Elena's remark, "I'm glad I am an Indian."

Worship.

HYMN. Holy, Holy, Holy.

SCRIPTURE. *Luke 2:40.*

The verse we are reading tells how Jesus grew. We sometimes forget that he grew just as all children grow. This verse tells us that his body was strong, and that he learned things day by day, and then it adds, "The grace of God was upon him." For two sessions our benediction has been, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us and with all the

children of men." What is grace? Jesus had it and we are asking for it. Is it love? Patience? Kindness? Courtesy? Is it practising the Golden Rule?

PRAYER. We thank thee, our Heavenly Father, that Jesus came to show us how to live lives pleasing to thee. We wish that we might have more of his patience, his kindness, his courtesy. We would share our good times with others and always play fair. We ask that thy blessing be upon us as we strive to do thy will as thou wouldst have us do. Wilt thou hear us as we pray together, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us and with all the children of men." Amen.

SESSION V

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "Crossing the Border." (Page 24.)

Pre-session period.

Music. Hymns to include: God of the Earth; This Is My Father's World; O Worship the King; Fairest Lord Jesus.

Mexican games. See page 132.

Descriptive talk. Netzahuacoyotl, the Hungry Fox.¹

A favorite story of Mexican boys and girls tells about one of their ancient heroes, Netzahuacoyotl, whose father was king of Texcoco. The king went to war with a neighboring tribe, and his capital was captured. As the enemy rushed into the palace grounds, the young prince, a lad of fifteen, hid himself in the branches of a tree in the garden. From this hiding place he saw his father killed, and vowed that when he became a man he would avenge his death. Netzahuacoyotl tried to get away from the enemy, but they found him and brought him back. They were so busy celebrating their victory that they simply put him into the prison to wait until they could decide his manner of death. The jailer was a man who had loved the dead king. He showed the prince how to escape, and took his place in the prison. The lad was far away before his enemies knew he had escaped. The faithful old friend had to pay for his loyalty with his life.

The young prince took refuge in a neighboring state, Tlaxcala, the same state in which Manuel and his family lived before they went to the United States. The prince was

¹ Adapted, with the permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, from *Mexico*, by Susan Hale.

not entirely alone. An old family friend became his tutor and taught the prince the art of governing. But he taught him patience as well, and tried in every way to train him to be a wise ruler. He believed that some day the prince would become king.

Now the enemy king had died, but his wicked son, Maxtla, reigned in his stead. Maxtla knew all about the young prince and hated him because he knew he was the rightful ruler.

When all the prominent families came to do Maxtla homage upon his accession to the throne, Netzahuacoyotl came with them and brought an offering of flowers. Maxtla scorned him and turned his back upon him. Too late he saw that the sympathy of his followers was with the prince. Maxtla then determined to destroy him. He sent him an invitation to an evening entertainment, but the watchful old tutor sent instead a young man who resembled the prince. This youth was assassinated, and the prince, now twenty-three years old, fled back to his home. When the king's messengers came to him there, he received them graciously and stepped back into his palace as if to order refreshments. While the censer was being refilled by his servants, clouds of incense rose before the messengers and veiled the prince as he slipped into a hidden passage and fled. Maxtla put a price on Netzahuacoyotl's head, but Netzahuacoyotl's father's old subjects were too loyal, and hated the king too much, to betray him. They hid him under heaps of leaves, turned their heads when he passed by so they could report that they had not seen him, put food in places where he could find it, and once they hid him in a drum and danced around it as if they were just playing. Maxtla at length became so hated by all the people that they were glad to rally around the banner of the prince. When the prince felt that the time had come to avenge his father's death, he led a revolt against Maxtla. The revolt was successful, and ten years from the time of his father's death he was securely seated on his throne.

He was a wise ruler and his reign was called the Golden Age. At that time people used picture writing, kept records

of happenings, composed music, built beautiful houses, and made many good laws. King Netzahuacoyotl reigned nearly fifty years and died in 1472, just twenty years before Columbus discovered America.

Introducing the story. Review the reasons why the Sandovals decided to move, and incidents of their visit to Mexico City.

Word drill.

aguacates—ä-gwä-kä'tās

taquitos—tä-kee'tōs

mangos—män-gōs

vamonos—vä'mō-nōs

tunas—too'nās

Ciudad Juárez—

see-oo-dād hoo-ä'rās

campesino—kam-pā-see'nō

Telling the story.

After the story. Did Manuel trust the men he met in Juárez? Why was Manuel vaccinated? What are some of the precautions taken about health—by us as individuals and by our government?

Show a Mexican flag and discuss its origin.

Activities. Continue with the notebook. Some members of the group may wish to make a real Mexican flag or to draw one for their notebooks. Pictures of the flag will be found in an unabridged dictionary.

Dramatization. Two scenes from this story lend themselves to very easy and simple dramatization. Suggestions for the dramatization follow.

Scene 1. Manuel is blacking boots in the plaza. Visit of the Americans. Conversation as in story. Manuel goes with the Americans to find his parents.

Scene 2. Reunion of Manuel and members of his family. Even boys and girls unaccustomed to informal dramatization will readily supply the conversation for this scene.

Worship.

HYMN. Holy, Holy, Holy.

SCRIPTURE. I have been thinking how lonely Manuel was that night when he slept under the statue of Juárez and did not know where his father and mother were. He was in a strange land. It makes me think of another lad who had to leave his father and mother at home and go a long distance alone. He had done wrong and was not sure that God was with him any more. The first night he slept out under the stars alone, with a stone for a pillow. That night he dreamed that God said these words to him: [Read *Genesis* 28: 15-16].

HYMN. How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care.

PRAYER. Dear Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the knowledge that thou wilt go with us wherever we may go, and that we may never feel friendless and alone even in a strange land. We pray that we may learn how to be friendlier to the boys and girls who have come to us from other lands, that we may share with them our good times, that we may help them to have enough to eat and enough to wear, and time to play and time to sleep, and to go to school and to be happy. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

BENEDICTION. The leader may submit several benedictions for the children's choice at this and subsequent sessions. One here offered is:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. [*Psalms* 19: 14.]

SESSION VI

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "Working in the Beets." (Page 31.)

Pre-session period.

Music. Hymns to include: For the Beauty of the Earth; All Things Bright and Beautiful; Savior, Hear Us, We Pray.

Discuss the third stanza of Heralds of Christ.

Is the third line any nearer fulfillment now than when it was written? Do you believe it would be a good thing if there never was another war? What can you think of that countries and peoples are trying to do to bring lasting peace to the world?

Descriptive talk.

When we all take our trip to Mexico, the things we most surely would wish to see would include the pyramids there. There are many more than the one the Sandoval children climbed. What other country has pyramids?

We learned that the Toltecs were great builders. Some say they built these Mexican pyramids; others think the pyramids were built by an unknown tribe, and that the Toltecs found them when they came to the beautiful Valley of Mexico. At any rate, their beginning is shrouded in mystery; they may have been built as long ago as 5000 B.C. The Egyptians built their pyramids as tombs for their kings. The Mexicans built theirs for the worship of their gods.

You remember how the Sandovals visited the ancient city of Teotihuacán, and how the children learned about the Sun-god worshiped there. [Locate this city.] The pyramid of

the Moon is distant half a mile from the pyramid of the Sun and is smaller, as it naturally would be. Both are built of adobe brick and volcanic rock; there are five terraces. The tops of these pyramids are flat and large enough to build temples on. The guide pointed out the temples. In one temple's enclosure were many small pyramids dedicated to the stars. Thousands of idols have been found in the earth around, for in these fields vast cities once stood.

There are two more places we should like to visit. The pyramids at Cholulu, the sacred city of the Toltecs, were probably built at the same time as the others; they show the same four sides and five terraces. The Spanish priests had the old sun-god temple on top of the pyramid torn down and built a Catholic church there. It is almost in a state of ruin, but even today the Indians make pilgrimages to it.

The last place we shall think of today is just outside Mexico City and is the most interesting place of all. No one knew of its existence until lately. It is the sacred city of Cuicuilco; the ruins there may prove to be the oldest on the continent. There are evidences that it was built eight thousand years ago. For some unknown reason, the people who had lived there for many centuries seem to have left hastily. Gradually the building was covered by sand and rock and decaying vegetation; then came a violent volcanic eruption which covered the whole mass under fifty feet of ashes and lava. It has been lying there, a rugged mass two and a half by six miles in extent, until recent excavations opened it to our eyes. The Chinese minister to Mexico City was able to recognize some of the old inscriptions on the tombs as being like those on the old tombs in China.

Another thing that makes this ruin of special interest is that underneath are innumerable caves in which, tradition says, are hidden the treasures of the Aztecs.

Introducing the story. Let us locate Ciudad Juárez and El Paso on the map. The journey of the Sandovals is not nearly ended, for they are going up to a small place near Greeley, Colorado. Their first work was in the beets. "In the beets" seems curious English to us, but it is the short-

cut form used by both Americans and Mexicans in those parts of the country where the crops are raised. The rest of us naturally follow their usage, otherwise we ourselves would say "in the beet fields." For what use are these beets raised? [Compare beet sugar with cane sugar.] Where does cane sugar come from? [Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and our own South.]

Telling the story.

After the story. Why did the Sandoval family move to the United States? Were they happy and well-off here? Do American children have to work the way the Sandoval children did?

The leader should have analyzed certain main features of child labor, pointing out that it is not alone the children of Mexico who are allowed to work when they should be at school and play. What is the history of the coal mines in Virginia? The cranberry bogs in New Jersey? The steel mills of Pennsylvania? The boys and girls might like themselves to write to the National Child Labor Committee (see page 86), the Federal Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., or to the child welfare department of their own state for information on general or specific points. The leader is advised that there is no better way to judge of the arguments made for child labor than to get hold of pamphlets sent out by some member of a manufacturing association who approves of it.

Activities. Continue the projects started.

Worship.

HYMN. Tell Me the Stories of Jesus.

SCRIPTURE. Jesus did not reprove people often, but he

did when he saw or heard of anyone being thoughtless of children. You remember when the disciples tried to push the children aside he told them that the children were to be allowed to come to him. In our Bible reading today he tells his disciples that more care must be paid to the needs of children, and that nobody should be permitted to harm them. Let us read what he said from the Bible. [Read *Matthew 18: 1-6.*] Many children in the United States are working as hard as the Sandoval children did and are being kept from growing strong, and much joy is being missed out of their lives. What do you suppose Jesus would say to the people who are responsible for this?

PRAYER. Our Heavenly Father, we pray thee that those who employ children to work when they should be at school and at play will have their eyes opened and their hearts changed. May we all remember that every child in the world is loved by thee, and may we too be children's friends. We ask it in the name of Jesus, our own loving friend. Amen.

BENEDICTION in unison.

SESSION VII

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "The Cold Winter in Denver." (Page 38.)

Pre-session period.

Music. These Things Shall Be; Where Cross the Crowded Ways.

Review. Review *Luke* 13-29, also the benediction.

Recall the proverbs already given by Mr. Sandoval: On Tuesday do not get married or begin a journey.—He who walks where there is honey finds some of it sticking to him.

Invite the children to recite some of our own proverbs.

Speak of the book in the Bible that is a collection of proverbs.

Descriptive talk.

It was just four hundred years after Quetzalcoatl, famous priest-king of the Toltecs, disappeared into the east that Cortez with a small band of Spaniards came to the Mexican shore. When Montezuma, king of the Aztecs, heard about the white men with beards he thought they must be descendants of the god Quetzalcoatl, and he was afraid to fight. He did the most unwise thing he could have done—he sent the Spaniards wonderful presents of silver and gold, begging them to take these and go back to their own homes. The Spaniards had come hoping to find treasure, and here it was; they knew now that they had come to the right place.

If all the Indian tribes had banded together, they could easily have defeated the Spaniards and sent them home; but some of the tribes were enemies of one another, so Cortez

had allies from the start. The Spaniards came in 1521, just twenty-nine years after Columbus first saw San Salvador. The story of the conquest is not a happy one. The lands and wealth of the Indians were confiscated, and the Indians themselves thrown into slavery. The Spaniards were shocked at the human sacrifice practised by the Aztecs, but they themselves murdered and butchered right and left until the Indian tribes were subdued. The Spanish priests tore down the idol temples and burned all the records they could find. These records would have been treasure trove to scholars who today are trying to solve the mysteries of the past.

The Spaniards ruled the land for exactly three hundred years, for in 1821 the Mexicans finally gained their freedom. The first blow had been struck in 1810 under the leadership of Hidalgo, a Mexican priest. Among the great heroes of Mexican boys and girls, Hidalgo is counted as one of the greatest.

Introducing the story. You know work in the beet fields lasts only a few months. When the Sandoval family had finished that work they went to the city of Denver. The story today tells about the cold winter the Sandovals spent in Denver.

Telling the story.

After the story. Why did Mrs. Sandoval prepare only tortillas and beans as daily diet? Why not potatoes and bread? This diet of tortillas and beans, relieved by the hot chili sauce, is the common diet of Indians of Mexico. Some of the American employing companies insist on feeding the Mexicans at the company kitchen. When they have a properly balanced diet, they grow strong and work hard; but if they are given all their pay in money, they buy tortillas, beans, and tequila.

The boys and girls might discuss the problem many employers are facing; namely, shall they take upon themselves the proper feeding of their employees, or shall they,

through education, help them to learn for themselves about what diet is best? Should the effort be always for quick results, or sometimes for the slower ones that come through education? Speeding up production is of great importance from the employer's standpoint. Which will work out better in the long run for the Mexicans?

Another question of interest will be the matter of injustice in our courts. The junior will say, "But could such a thing happen? Is the story true?" The answer is, "It can, and the story is based on fact." One practical point to make is that we ought not to believe or repeat unfounded stories about an unknown group. Even more importantly, we ought not to generalize about any group, ourselves included.

Recall to the children the Friendship School Bags which were sent to Mexico in 1928, and the acknowledgment planned by the Mexicans. An opportunity will present itself to teachers living near the larger centers to arrange to go with their classes to an exhibit of the project arranged by Mexico, the response to the Friendship School Bag project. Forty-eight handmade cabinets, one for each of our states, the work of Indian tribes who have been noted for centuries for this type of handicraft, will be Mexico's friendship gift. The cabinets will contain specimens of the crafts indigenous to the Mexican people, together with samples of the school work of elementary grade children. This exhibit will be sent to the United States sometime in the winter of 1929-30, and the cabinets will be routed by the various state committees so that they can be seen at centers throughout each state.

Activities.

Dramatization of the parts of the stories the boys and girls have liked best.

Worship.

HYMN. The World, Dear Lord, Is Very Large.

SCRIPTURE. Today we shall read one of the stories about Jesus that Carmen liked. Jesus was tired and asked his disciples to go with him across the Sea of Galilee. On the boat he fell asleep. Suddenly fierce winds swept over the sea, a storm came, and the boat rocked in the rough water. The disciples were frightened and awakened their master. But he was not afraid. He was only surprised at the lack of faith of the disciples. This is the story as it is told in the Bible. [Read *Mark* 4:35-41.]

PRAYER. Our Father, we thank thee for Jesus and his care for us all. We know how sad he was when he saw sorrow and injustice. We know, too, how he tried to help people to be kind and just. Help us to be like him. Amen.

BENEDICTION.

SESSION VIII

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "The Family on Wheels." (Page 44.)

Pre-session period.

Music. Hymns to include: This Is My Father's World; The World, Dear Lord, Is Very Large; We've a Story to Tell to the Nations; The Fathers Built This City.

Descriptive talk. The Mexican War.

After the Mexicans declared themselves free from Spain in 1810, it took eleven years of fighting and turmoil before they gained their independence. Mexico's territory extended as far north as Kansas City, Kansas, and included our present states of Utah and Nevada. Many Americans were already settled in the section that afterward became the state of Texas. The Mexican government had encouraged the Americans to come; they even gave land grants to whoever would bring settlers in. But when twenty thousand Americans came in ten years, they became afraid of too much influence over their affairs on the part of the republic to the north, and cancelled the land grants, forbade immigration, and put up a tariff on American goods.

Later a dispute arose over the boundary line. The United States said it was at the Rio Grande, Mexico said it was at the Neuces River. [Locate.] This dispute became more serious and finally led to war. There were three campaigns carried on by the Americans, all victorious. General Taylor defeated the Mexicans in northern Mexico, California was seized and held, and General Scott marched from Vera Cruz and captured Mexico City.

The Mexicans were forced by the treaty of peace to cede California and New Mexico and Arizona, which included at

that time Nevada and Utah, and to agree to the Rio Grande boundary. America paid Mexico fifteen million dollars and settled the American debts against her, which were about five millions more. Mexico thus had to give up over half of her entire land [for the extent of this territory, see map on page 145], and has never forgiven the United States for compelling her to do so. The people are still suspicious of us and of our intentions toward them.

When it comes to the question of war, it sometimes seems that we are bound to believe our own country is always right. Of course this couldn't be true, any more than it could be true that one person is always right. There is almost sure to be right and wrong on both sides. But even if one's country is right in a dispute, we are beginning to see that killing people and taking away their land and their rights is not the way to prove it. As a matter of fact, the Mexican War happens to be a war about which many Americans feel that this country was not right. They think that the United States should not have gone to war, and that in doing so and in taking Mexico's territory as a result, the United States did wrong. No less a person than General Grant, who was a lieutenant in the Mexican War, said it was the most unjust war that was ever waged against a defenseless people. If some Americans can feel that way, imagine how most Mexicans must feel.

Have you ever thought how the story of a war between ourselves and another country is told to the people of that country? What do you suppose Mexican boys and girls are told about the Mexican War? It is very hard to tell the story of a war fairly, whether you are victor or loser. And even if it were told fairly, there would be unpleasant facts that would have to be admitted, wouldn't there, since war always means that cruel things are done and innocent people suffer. Suppose we read from one of the Mexican school readers a page or two about the Mexican War, in order to have some idea of the other fellow's point of view. We might also ask ourselves whether in their place we should tell the story more or less fairly than they have done. [See page 135.]

Introducing the story. We have been wondering all the week where the Sandovals went when they were driven from Denver that winter day. In our story today two years have passed since the tragic flight from Denver. During those two years the Sandovals have been at work in several places, picking grapes and melons in California, and lettuce in Arizona. Though they have managed to live, they do not seem to have prospered or to have found in the United States what they had hoped for.

Telling the story.

After the story. What do you think about the Christian centers and neighborhood houses at Phoenix and Denver? What would the Sandovals have done without them? Did you ever stop to think that the Sandovals hated all that moving about as much as we would hate it? How do you think we should treat strangers in our land? In one town a group of church people have organized a settlement association. They build suitable homes in respectable districts and either rent them to the Mexicans or let them buy them with small payments a month. Is this one way to help?

Activities. See page 82. Decide upon gifts to be sent to Christian centers and other institutions.

Worship.

HYMNS. This Is My Father's World; My Country Is the World.

SCRIPTURE. Not so very many years ago a group of Christians decided that the Christian world ought to have a flag to represent it, just as each nation has a flag to represent it. They started to make one. They chose white for the background, because when a white flag is waved over a battle-field it means a truce—no more fighting. White, then, is for peace. They chose blue for the center, to represent an unclouded sky; and in the center of the sky they put a red cross, to represent Christ. Then they wrote the words we use when we salute the flag of the kingdom of God: "We

pledge allegiance to the Christian flag and to the Savior for whom it stands; one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

When the angels sang at the birth of Christ they said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Let us repeat this verse together. [*Luke 2: 14.*] Now shall we pledge our allegiance to a kingdom of love for God and peace among men? [Boys and girls salute the Christian flag. The salute may be written on the board, or the group may have typewritten copies.]

PRAYER. Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that we are citizens in thy kingdom, and we pray for help to become good citizens. We would have sympathy and understanding and good-will toward others, and try to serve them in their need. May there be peace on earth and good-will to men. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen.

BENEDICTION in unison.

SESSION IX

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "Manuel Learns a New Lesson." (Page 51.)

Pre-session period.

Music. Hymns to include: Holy, Holy, Holy; Fairest Lord Jesus; I've Found a Friend; Tell Me the Stories of Jesus.

Descriptive talk. The Mexican border.

Let us compare our northern and southern border lines. The Canadian border is about 4,000 miles long, and the Mexican less than half of that, about 1,800 miles. There are no battleships, no forts, and no guards between the United States and Canada. How do the two countries settle disputes? Through conferences and international regulations. This is the model frontier between countries, and we wish it might be the rule throughout the world.

On the Mexican border, among other problems there is a special problem of immigration. The officials question and make a record of every man, woman and child that crosses the border. In spite of their vigilance, many Mexicans cross the border by night or wade through the Rio Grande, and thus avoid having their records taken. These are called "bootleg" Mexicans. We can see how wrong this practice is. For one thing, there are many diseases, such as smallpox, typhus, diphtheria, which might be brought in if those who enter were not vaccinated and inoculated. There are some unfortunates who have tuberculosis. You know how careful the authorities are when ships come in. When you come back from a trip to Europe the ship always

stops before entering port to let the health inspectors come on and make an examination or get a report of the health of all who are landing. That is the only way to avoid trouble, and it has to be applied to those who arrive by land as well as to those who arrive by sea. Thousands of Chinese and many Japanese and Turks live near the border on the Mexico side, and they also are involved in this situation.

Introducing the story. One of the chief reasons the Sandoval family were moving to the United States was so that the children could go to school. How did it work out for them? Do you remember that when they got the letter from Colorado, the thing which decided them to go to the United States was the thought of better schools? Our story today tells about Manuel and his efforts to get an education.

Telling the story.

After the story. How did Manuel know the story of Juárez? We can locate Camp Juárez on the map. What do you like best about this story? What did Manuel mean when he said, "Not Juárez now; Jesus"? Did he like his hero, Juárez, any the less?

Activities. Continue projects not yet finished.

Play the game of Juan Pirulero (see page 132).

Worship.

HYMN. I've Found a Friend; This Is My Father's World.

SCRIPTURE. One night the camp chief talked to the boys about Jesus calling the fishermen to be his disciples. The Bible tells us that the fishermen did not hesitate but came at once in answer to his invitation. They had been thinking about Jesus and how they would like to share in his work of building the kingdom of God. Manuel must have felt that way too. We shall read about Jesus calling the first four disciples. [Read *Matthew* 4: 18-22.]

JUMPING BEANS

There is a beautiful hymn in which one stanza centers around the calling of the fishermen. This is the stanza:

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

PRAYER. Dear Father, we thank thee for thy son Jesus. We are thankful that he still calls men to follow him, and that he loves to have the children know him and do the things he told them to do. There are many things we can do to please him; we can play fair, we can be agreeable when we have unpleasant tasks to do, we can pass on our good times to others. Help us to do these things. In Jesus' name. Amen.

BENEDICTION in unison.

RECESSIONAL.

SESSION X

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "The 'God-Will-Provide' Fund." (Page 57.)

Pre-session period.

Music. Hymns to include: My Master Was So Very Poor; O Master of the Loving Heart; O Master Workman of the Race; Dear Lord and Father, second stanza; The Church's One Foundation.

Review the proverbs learned before, and learn the new ones: He who risks nothing never crosses the ocean.—The dog that never goes out never finds a bone.—Tell me with whom you walk and I'll tell you who you are.—He who walks with wolves soon learns to howl.

Descriptive talk. The school situation in Mexico.

In our first story Mr. Sandoval told the children how the government was trying hard to build schools in the country districts of Mexico. Mexico has had over a hundred years' freedom from the Spanish yoke. But they have had many things to do to set their house in order. Besides, some of the leaders did not realize the importance of schools for all the people, so they were neglected. For instance, President Diaz was content to establish schools in Mexico City where they would be seen by visitors, but he paid little attention to rural districts. Mexico is largely a rural nation. There are many villages where only the Indian language is spoken. But the Indian language has many different Indian dialects, and that makes additional difficulty in getting school text-

books and teachers. Spanish, the official language of the government, is still unknown to many thousands of the Mexican people.

Out of the fifteen millions of Mexicans, there are two and a half millions of children who ought to be in school. There are schools for only one million. This means that over half the children have no school to go to. The government is doing its best and is building a thousand schools a year. A recent visitor to Mexico said she had never seen people so eager for education as the Mexicans. Schooling is compulsory up to twelve years, or the fourth grade.

The educators of Mexico are now consulting specialists, our own and those of other countries, about the best plans for educational work, and are trying to work out a system suited to their needs. They are trying to take the best that has been developed in other countries and are adapting it to the needs of Mexico. School teachers in Mexico are expected to do a great deal. They must be able to teach games. They must be able to show mothers how best to care for their babies, and how to keep the homes sanitary. They must also take charge of the village library.

Do you wonder whether the Indians of Mexico can learn as quickly as you do? Some educators who had been asked that very question tried an experiment. They brought a child from each of the thirty Indian tribes and put them all into school in Mexico City. They found that after the Indian children had learned the Spanish language they ranked as high as any of the other children in the school.

Dr. McLean, the author of our stories, tells of an opportunity school in Los Angeles where seventy-five Mexican children worked so hard and studied so well that in seven months they covered the same ground that the ordinary American child covers in fourteen months. Mexican children are artistic too, and usually far outclass Americans in the art classes.

Introducing the story. It was a fortunate day for the Sandovals when Mr. Sandoval decided that it might be better for them to settle permanently in one place, rather than

to travel from one state to another, working in the seasonal crops. They soon made friends, and had a house large enough to start a church in. It gave them all greater self-respect, and the children had a better chance at school. Carlos started things going on his own account in the story I shall tell you today.

Telling the story.

After the story. Discuss church facilities for Mexicans.

Activities. A project may be started from this session based on the needs of your mission board. For instance, one board carries on the only school for Mexicans in one small Western town. The equipment is very meagre and often the one teacher supplies out of her own small salary anything beyond the barest necessities. There are many churches and hospitals carried on by home mission boards, and many of these need help. The work done by the Council of Women for Home Missions includes work among Mexican migrant laborers.

Any unfinished projects should be finished.

Plans should be made for the final meeting, and the question as to whether guests are to be invited or not should be decided.

If it is possible and desirable to have a dinner with Mexicans present, it should be planned at this time.

Worship.

HYMN. The Church's One Foundation.

SCRIPTURE. We all like to hear the story over and over again of the little boy who gave all he had to help the hungry people. Carlos gave all he had to start the church the people needed. Jesus blessed both gifts. We will read about the boy who brought the loaves and fishes to Jesus. [Read *John 6:8-12.*]

PRAYER. Dear Heavenly Father, we are happy that thou wilt bless the things we try to do for others. We realize that all boys and girls are meant to have a happy childhood, and that many of them are being deprived of it. We pray that the way may be shown to us by which we can help every child to have enough to eat and wear, to have a home, to get an education, and to enjoy the world we live in. We pledge thee to use all of our strength and love to bring this about. Amen.

BENEDICTION in unison.

SESSION XI

Materials that will help. See page 80.

Story used. "The Little Gringo." (Page 61.)

Pre-session period.

Music. Decide upon hymns to be used in the closing service, and practise them, together with the memory hymn which will also be used.

Descriptive talk.

We have talked about the legends of Mexico, its history, its schools. We have discussed the way its border is guarded, and ever so many other things. But we have not said much about its material wealth. When we come to this subject we really do not know where to begin. Over a hundred years ago Baron von Humboldt called Mexico a treasure house, and he didn't begin to realize, because no one did then, what a treasure house it really is. Someone has said that when the earth was created and every land had received a share of the treasures, the Creator took all that were left over and poured them over Mexico.

The mines are of inexhaustible wealth; Mexico leads the world in the production of silver, and is second in copper, third in lead and zinc, and fifth in gold. Some of the mines that are producing today have been worked since before the time of Cortez. At Durango there is a mountain almost entirely made of iron. It is nearly a mile long, about a quarter of a mile wide, and rises seven hundred feet above the plain. From La Paz on the Gulf of California come some of the finest pearls. There are many stories told about lost mines. Some of these mines have been found, but many have not. Next to the United States, Mexico produces more oil than any

other land. Tampico is the great oil center. Cattle are raised in the north. Nearly every kind of product grows in Mexico, for it has all ranges of temperature. Beginning with tropical at the seashore, the temperature becomes sub-tropical, temperate, and frigid as one ascends the highlands.

Introducing the story. How many of you know of Colonel Lindbergh's visits to Mexico City? How many of you have ever seen Lindbergh? Do you suppose the Sandovals ever saw him? Our story will tell you.

Telling the story.

After the story. The juniors will lead the discussion here. Probably they will want to talk about Lindbergh and his flights. The leader should not let this become the main topic, however. There should be information about cultural missions, and discussion about the land grants now being made by the Mexican government as one way of trying to keep the farmers at home.

Activities. Final plans should be made for the finishing of any enterprise under way, or for continuing some service activity after the course is finished. For example, it might be proposed that the offering from the junior classes in the church school over a stated period should be given to some work among Mexicans which the mission boards would recommend. If a special program is to be given at the final session, the details may be worked out.

Worship.

SCRIPTURE. The Bible verses Mr. Sandoval read in family prayers may be read and discussed. [*I Corinthians 13.*]

HYMN. I Would Be True.

PRAYER. Dear Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the

stories we have heard about the people who live next door to us. We thank thee that they have such a beautiful country for their home. May those who come to our country from Mexico find it, too, a beautiful place. May it be beautiful to them because they find fair treatment and kind friends as well as opportunities to earn a living. And may we and they help to make thy kingdom come in this our own country and throughout the world.

BENEDICTION.

SESSION XII

Story used. "Carmen Comes Home." (Page 68.)

Pre-session period.

Music and Review. Victrola with Mexican records, or singing of the Mexican national hymn. The leader speaks of the Mexican words and translated Mexican proverbs which the boys and girls have learned. Each one gives either a Mexican word with its meaning, or one of Mr. Sandoval's proverbs. All sing Heralds of Christ.

Worship.

CALL TO WORSHIP. *Micah* 6:8.

PRAYER in unison. The Lord's Prayer.

OFFERING WITH MUSIC.

SCRIPTURE. *Luke* 13:29.

PRAYER by the leader.

HYMN. Suggested by the group.

Descriptive talk. Each one gives some fact about Mexico, locating on the map the places mentioned.

Telling the story. In this instance the telling of the story might be preceded by several boys and girls recalling the previous stories, telling which they liked best and why.

After the story. Discussion of two questions: (a) If we went to Mexico, what would we most like to see? (b) How were the Sandovals planning to make Mexico a better place?

Exhibit of work done by the group and of any material on Mexico which may have been collected.

Hymn. In Christ There Is No East or West.

Benediction in unison.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

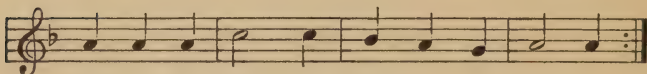
MEXICAN GAMES

JUAN PIRULERO

The players sit in a circle. Each one chooses, or is given by the leader, a task to do, and must imitate his work with his hands. He may play the violin, wash clothes, do the ironing, beat the drum, rock the baby. The leader closes his hands, except for the thumbs and little fingers, places the thumb of the right hand against the little finger of the left hand, and moves both in time to the music. He changes his action to imitate that of one of the other players. The player thus indicated must change to the action of the leader. Failure to do so or to resume his own task when the leader again changes, involves a forfeit. The music is sung while the game goes on, the tempo changing with the action, sometimes becoming very fast.



Est(e) es el jue - go de Juan Pi - ru - le - ro



Que ca - da quien a - tiend(a) a su jue - go.

ESCONDA LA CUARTA (HIDE-THE-STRAP)

This game may be played with any object. It is the Mexican version of Drop-the-Handkerchief. The chief difference in the manner of playing is that the children are all seated on the floor.

—From *Rafael and Consuelo* (see bibliography).

ARRIMAS OR MONAS DE ESTRANO (THE LITTLE FIGURES)

Divide the players into two teams, red soldiers vs. blue soldiers, or dogs vs. cats, according to whatever figures are used on wooden blocks. On the floor mark off two lines, either with chalk or tape; the first being six inches from the wall and the second twelve feet. The first is the goal line and the second the starting line. The teams are lined up on the starting line, and each side throws a small wooden block alternately. The play is as follows: Throw the small block so that it strikes the wall. If it falls between the wall and the goal line, it scores. If it falls outside of the goal line, it is forfeited to the opposing team. Each player throws one block at a time, and three rounds makes the end of the game. At the end of each round, each captain collects the figures lost by the opposing side. A throw that does not strike the wall is foul, and must be shot again. The team with the greatest number of blocks wins. If there are more than twelve children, divide the groups into two games, using opposite walls.

—From *Mexican Play Hour*, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

CHIVAS

A small hole is dug into the ground if played out of doors, or a bowl placed on the floor if played indoors. A line is drawn about eight feet away from the hole. The children take a handful of little red beans called *colorinas* and, standing on the line, one at a time, see how many beans they can get into the hole. They must throw the whole handful at once. If any fall in the hole they pick them up and put them in the palm of one hand. Then with a quick jerk they throw the beans into the air and catch them on the back of the hand; once again, and catch them in the palm. The one who has the greatest number of beans in his palm after the last throw is the winner. The children must each have an equal number of beans to start with.

—From *Mexican Play Hour*.

SPANISH PROVERBS

Nadie sabe lo que hay en la olla más que el que la menea.
(Nobody knows better what is in the pot than the one who stirs it.)

Dime con quién andas, y te dire quién eres.

(Tell me with whom you walk, and I will tell you who you are.)

El que con lobos anda, a aullar se enseña.

(He who walks with wolves soon learns to howl.)

Nunca dejes camino por vereda.

(Never leave the highway for a path.)

El que a buen árbol se arrima, buena sombra le cobija.

(He who leans against a good tree will have good shade.)

PANCHITO VELEZ, THE STANDARD BEARER

*Excerpt (translated) from "Alma Nacional,"
Mexican Public School Reader*

Along about the middle of the last century our fatherland had to carry on a war with the United States. When you are older you will study the causes of this war and will know that the Americans carried on that war against us very unjustly and with the hope of getting possession, as they later did, of a part of our territory.

Many American war vessels arrived before the port of Vera Cruz, bringing a powerful army of about 15,000 men, well armed and well munitioned.

The object of our enemies was to take possession of that port and to begin from there an advance toward the capital of the Republic.

But the port defended itself. We had there a fortress with certain good pieces of artillery and numerous bulwarks, in which were placed sufficient cannons.

But our army was very inferior in number to the American, and although the Mexicans knew well they would not be able to repulse the enemy nor to fight against him with very much success, yet they were not afraid, and in consequence they mobilized to defend the plaza until they should either conquer or die.

When the American chief sent a message to the Mexican demanding he should turn over the city, the leader limited himself simply to the reply, "It is my duty to defend it, you can begin the attack when you please."

And how terrible was that attack.

The enemy began the struggle by sea and land, dis-

charging the cannons of the fleet of the army not upon the bulwarks and the fort, but upon the highest edifices of the city, which were the convents and the churches and also those which had chimneys, such as the baking shops. In this manner the Americans dedicated themselves to killing the non-combatants of the city, especially the women and children. The families were terrorized and tried to hide themselves in basements and wine cellars in order to escape the fire of the shells which burst upon the streets, the houses, and in all places of our land. The hospitals and churches were packed with wounded, and the inhumanity of the Americans reached the point of hurling bombs upon these places in order to kill the wounded. The Americans continued this method of warfare for three days before attacking our soldiers in the redoubt, in such a manner that in Vera Cruz during this terrible engagement more defenseless people than soldiers died.

Then came at last a day in which the fire of the enemy was directed also upon the bulwarks.

One of these, that of Santa Barbara, had placed on one of its parapets the national banner. How beautiful it was to see it there upon its high standard in the warm breeze, and stirred by the whistle of the American shots.

Splendidly was our artillery firing with very certain shot upon the enemy. The chief who commanded it was a good Mexican marine named Sebastian Holzinger. Among the defenders there was seen a boy of sixteen years of age who, with rank of sub-lieutenant, had enlisted in the National Guard to defend the fatherland. Everybody affectionately called him "Panchito Velez."

After some hours of fire the enemy shot had succeeded

in destroying part of the bulwark, opening a breach. Our soldiers were ready to receive through this the enemy in case he should proceed to enter into the fort, but he did not present himself, and continued dropping on the fortress a veritable flood of bullets and bombs, with horrible disaster to the defenders. But our compatriots did not abandon the fort which the fatherland had committed to them, and replied with just as heavy a shower of shot and shell.

Suddenly an enemy ball severed the cord which held our flag, and this immediately fell toward the middle of the floor of the bulwark. In its place there only remained upon the parapet, stark and bare, the standard which had held it.

Holzinger was near when it fell, and he immediately took it and climbed to the parapet to replace it. At that moment another shot from the cannon of the Americans struck the bulwark in the place where the standard was situated. Holzinger rolled down across the ruins and all believed him dead. Then Panchito Velez took the flag and climbed upon the destroyed parapet. The wind blew it out, he extended it and let it tremble in his hands, letting himself serve as the standard.

Holzinger, who had only been stunned by the fall, reappeared on the parapet a little later, determined to replace the sacred emblem. While he fixed the standard and the cord, Velez continued to hold the flag in his hands in the breeze before a rain of the enemies' bullets which seemed to carry instant death. The bombs continued to whiz by the redoubt, but Velez did not waver. He stood as though he were the angel of braveness.

At last Holzinger succeeded in fixing the standard and

the cord. Once again the national emblem floated over the fort, racked by the winds of death and glory.

And those two heroes whose deeds so greatly aided the cause, led further in defying the infamous invaders and all in the fort, filled with patriotic love, lifted their hands and shouted, full of patriotic valor, "Long live Mexico!" ("Viva Mexico!")

Later Panchito Velez became a general.

THE SICK FAMILY

An Alternative Story about Juárez (consult page 95)

Mexican children are taught to be polite, and not to interrupt; so when the old lady had finished telling about the great poet, Manuel said respectfully, "Señora, will you do us the favor of telling us how your husband helped Benito Juárez?"

"Oh, did your husband really save the life of Benito Juárez?" asked Carmen.

"My husband," said Abuelita with great dignity, "was just a humble peon soldier. But I am very proud of what he was able to do to help the great Juárez."

Now there was no story which Abuelita would rather tell, and none which the children would rather hear. They all knew it by heart, but immediately there was a chorus of voices, "Tell us about 'the sick family,' Abuelita."

"For almost a year my husband had been with the liberal army," said the old woman, "and during all that time I had been with him, cooking his meals and washing his clothes."

"Oh!" cried Conchita, "then you were one of the *soldaderas*, weren't you, Abuelita?"

"Yes," said the old lady, "we Mexican women always go to war with our men. All that I am telling you happened before Juárez was president. The man who was president then was very timid, now trying to enforce the laws which Juárez had suggested, and now trying to please the enemies of our country. Finally he resigned, and the president who seized the government repealed the laws of Juárez. Things looked dangerous, and the soldiers and the women who cooked for them expected any day to be called for battle.

"Then that morning—I can never forget! My husband was eating his beans and *tortillas* when an officer appeared, and told us both to go to the rear door of the palace at once. We did not even stop to wash the dishes, but hurried out through the park, climbed the hill, and went around to the rear of the great castle. There was a closed carriage by the door, with horses all harnessed. The man who was waiting told my husband to drive to Guanajuato [Gwan-a-what-o], and because I never left my husband, I climbed up on the seat beside him. In fact I was sure the man expected me to do that, for had he not ordered me to come too?

"Nobody had told us anything, but I was perfectly sure that inside that coach was Benito Juárez, and that we were helping him to escape from his enemies.

"The saints preserve us, how we did drive those horses! But scarcely had we come to the outskirts of the city, when two soldiers stepped out into the road and told us to stop. One of them started to open the door of the coach, but the other spoke up quickly, saying, 'A sick family! Let them pass without trouble.'

"Whether the second soldier really thought, because we

were driving so fast, that somebody was sick, or whether he knew the great Juárez was escaping and wanted to help, we shall never know. After that we were never molested, and in that carriage my husband carried Juárez to safety.”

[*Note.*—Boys and girls who hear these stories may be interested in reading for themselves these further facts about the career of Juárez.]

Juárez was a full-blooded Indian who did not know how to speak Spanish until he was twelve years old. He lived in a little country village in the state of Oaxaca [O-a-ha'ca], and like Benjamin Franklin, he was sure that if he were to amount to anything he would have to go first to the city. So one day he bundled his few clothes together and walked barefoot to the capital. Juárez had no money and no friends, but he had a great ambition to get an education. Instead of learning to be a printer, as Franklin did, he learned to be a book-binder, chiefly because he happened to become acquainted with a book-binder, who not only gave him a home and a job but taught him to read and write. Finally Juárez became a lawyer, and later governor of his state. He was such a good governor, and such an honest man, that at last the president of the country made him a member of his cabinet.

Affairs were very unsettled in Mexico, as, from our point of view, affairs in Mexico so often are. When the Spaniards had conquered the country they had been anxious to convert the Indians to Christianity. At the same time, New Spain, as they called the land, was so rich that many men who were not fit to be priests came

over and asked to be ordained, just for the sake of securing power and money from the people. These priests, called friars, kept getting more and more influence and more and more land, until in Juárez' time they owned more than two-thirds of all the land in the country. Besides that, the church (the Roman Catholic church) and the army each had special courts for trying its own members. If a soldier or a priest did anything wrong, he could not be tried in the ordinary civil courts like any other man. This of course resulted in a great deal of injustice all around.

About the first thing Juárez did when he came to the cabinet was to have laws passed which made it necessary for any soldier or a priest who committed an offense to be tried in the civil courts. Then he had other laws passed permitting anyone to buy land which the church owned but was not using. These laws made for him a great many enemies, and when later Juárez became president, these enemies tried to overthrow his government. When they could not accomplish their purpose by themselves, they asked Napoleon to send soldiers from France and to set up a kingdom among them. Napoleon was glad to do this, especially because he thought a kingdom in the new world would curb the power of the United States. So he sent over Maximilian with his wife Carlota, and they established a court of great splendor. Juárez had to leave the city of Mexico, but he continued to fight for the liberties of his country. Once he was captured and condemned to be shot; but the men who had been chosen as his executioners, instead of killing him, helped him to escape.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

No attempt is made except in the word drills in the sessions to write phonetically the Spanish words and phrases which appear in the book. The reason for this omission is the fact that the Spanish language is itself written phonetically. While by no means complete, the following simple rules for pronunciation will suffice:

Vowels: *a* as in English *father*; *e* as in *they*; *i* as in *machine*; *o* as in *old*; *u* as in *rule*.

Consonants: Pronounced for the most part as in English; *g* before *e* and *i*, and *j* and *x* are pronounced as an aspirated *h*; *g* elsewhere as in *go*; *h* itself is never pronounced; the character *ll* is pronounced like double *l* in *brilliant*; the character *ñ* is like *ny* in *canyon*; *z* is like *s* and both have a soft sound; *r* when doubled, or at the beginning of a word, is slightly trilled; *y* when standing alone, or after another vowel, is pronounced like Spanish *i*; when it stands at the beginning of a syllable, it is a consonant, and is pronounced as in English *young*.

Accent: If the word ends in a vowel, or in *n* or *s*, accent the penult; if it ends in a consonant other than *n* or *s*, accent the last syllable. When there is an exception to these simple rules, the accent is written.

GLOSSARY

Abrazo: Embrace; a common greeting among Mexicans, even between men.

Abuelita: *Little grandmother*; a term of endearment.

Agua: Water.

Campesino: A man from the country.

Casuela: An earthenware vessel deeper than a plate but shallower than a bowl. The ordinary individual plate on the Mexican peon's table.

Centavo: A cent; worth about half as much as our cent.

Chapultepec: A very beautiful and justly celebrated park inside the city limits of Mexico City. In the center of the park, upon a slightly elevation, is located the presidential palace, Chapultepec Castle. Here lived Maximilian, and here lived also the Montezumas.

Cultural Missions: An enterprise carried on by the Mexican government, in an attempt to give a broad education to the rural people. The Federal Secretariat of Education in Mexico City regularly appoints experts who constitute themselves into what is called cultural missions. Each cultural mission is composed of an expert in domestic science, one in playground activities and community singing, one in husbandry and agriculture, a public health nurse, and an expert whose business it is to coordinate this program of community service with the school program of education. All rural school teachers within a certain area are called in for a three weeks' institute to the village where the cultural mission is to work. During the three-week period the whole community goes to school. Girl Reserve clubs, Boy Scout troops, and various forms of community service are inaugurated during the visit of the cultural mission.

Gringo: A name of reproach given by Mexicans to Americans, origin uncertain. As one story has it, the American troops at the time of the Mexican War sang the then popular song, "Green grow the rushes, O," and the most that the Mexicans were able to make out of the words was "gringo."

Hacienda: Ranch or farm.

Juan Pirulero: A Mexican game. (See page 132.)

Juárez, Benito: The "Abraham Lincoln of Mexico." Consult any encyclopedia.

Jumping beans: Mexican beans, which because of an inside growth never stay still. They are non-edible, and are given to little children often as their first playthings.

Maguey: A species of the century plant, cultivated extensively in Mexico. Both *pulque* and *tequila* are made from its sap.

The latter is extremely intoxicating, the former mildly so. The government has now prohibited the further planting of *maguey*. When the plant is ripe, the top is cut, leaving a small hollow. The sap gatherer inserts a reed in this basin, and sucks the sap into a leathern pouch.

Mango: A tropical fruit, kidney shaped, and greatly prized for its flavor. This is the fruit which Mark Twain declared should be eaten only in a bath-tub.

Oaxaca: One of the states in the Mexican republic; largely Indian.

Ocotillo: A species of cactus, growing in Mexico, and also in our own Southwest. The plant resembles a huge octopus. The Mexicans in both countries cut the branches and set them closely together, to form fences. Soon the limbs start to grow, and in the spring there is a bright red blossom upon each picket of the fence.

Paseo de la Reforma: A principal street of Mexico City.

Patrón: Landlord.

Petate: A heavy rug, woven of grass or reeds. The bed of the Mexican peon.

Pobrecito: *Poor little fellow.*

Sabe?: *Do you know, or, Do you understand?*

Sarape: A hand-woven rug, blanket or table cover, made in bright colors.

Taquito: Meat or other filling rolled into a *tortilla* (*q. v.*); much sold to travelers at railroad stations.

Teotihuacán: Ancient city about twenty-five miles from Mexico City. Here are to be seen the pyramids, the temple of Quetzalcoatl, the superimposed dwellings, and many sacred mounds which have not yet been excavated.

Tortilla: A flat biscuit, made in the shape of an American pancake. Usually made of corn flour, patted thin between the hands, and cooked over a tin on a charcoal burner. The bread of the Mexican people.

Tuna: A fruit which grows on a certain kind of cactus.

Vámonos: *Let us go!* At stations, *All aboard!*

Viva!: *"Long live"; "Hurrah!"*

Ya viene!: *There he comes!*

Outline Map Showing the Journeys of the Sandoval Family



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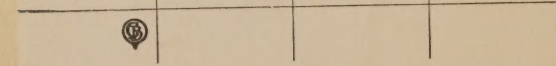
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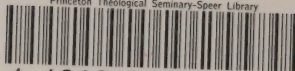
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